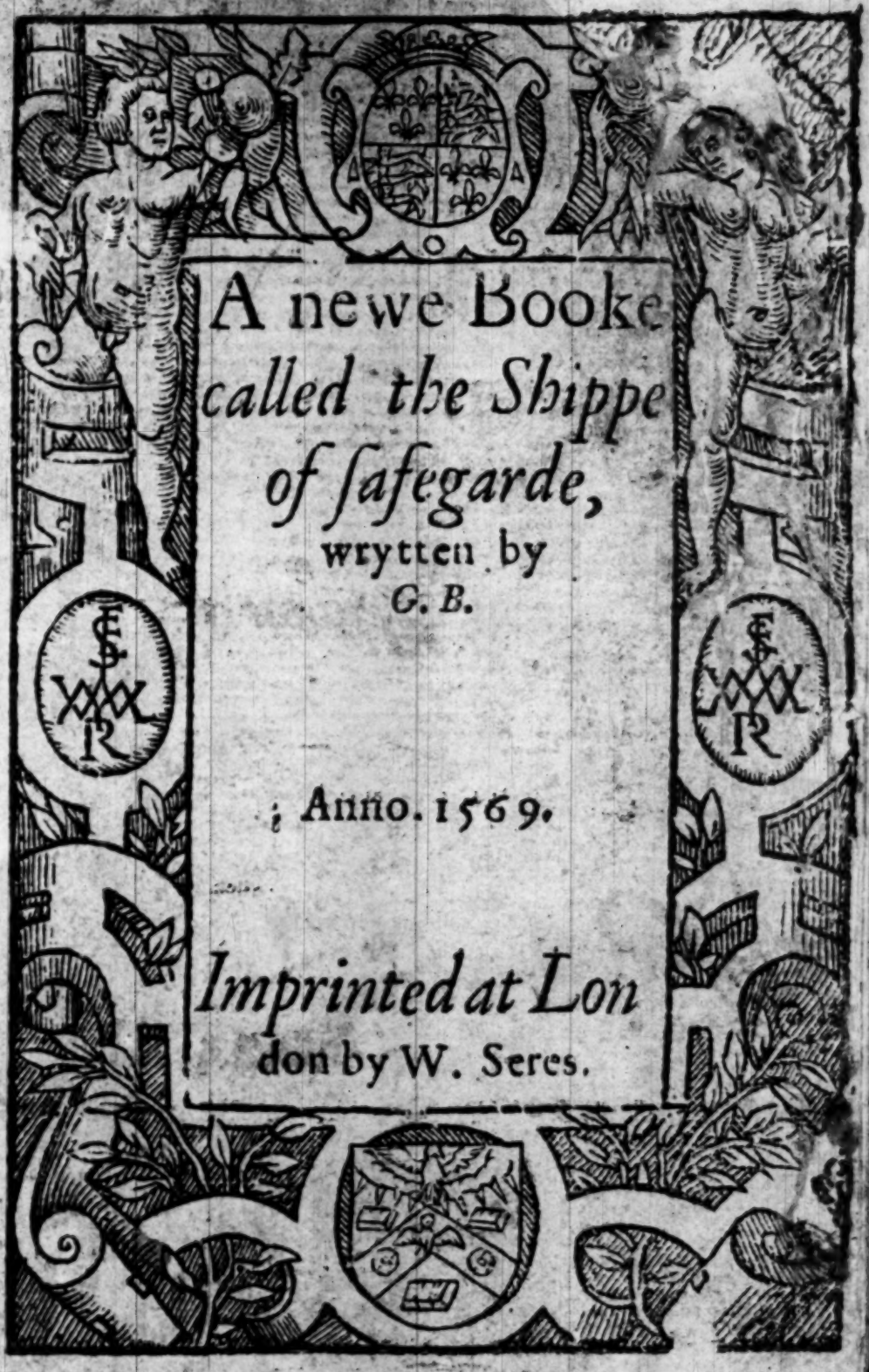


A newe Booke called the Shippe of ſafegarde,

wrytten by

G. B.

Anno. 1569.

Imprinted at London by W. Seres.

¶ To hys verie good Sisters *Mistresse Phillyp Darell,* and Mistresse Fraunces Darell, *of the house of Scotney.*

OFTEN WITH MY SELFE consydering (my nowne good Sisters) your vertuous and well disposed minds, in these your yong and tender yeares, I thought it meete (as well to shewe my good will towards you, as to satisfie your well inclined affectiõs) to take some trauaile in finding out such matter, as neither I might accõpt my time vainly spent in wryting, nor you yours euill employed in reading. Debating thus a whyle with my selfe what matter myght best herein serue both our turnes, I was thorowly resolued with asmuch diligence as I could to make some discourse vpon the perfite estate of a true christian, an estate aboue all others most happie and worthy, if it were as well renowmed for lyfe, as it is reuerent for name, and perceyuing the lyues of Christians in these dayes so farre differing from the sinceritie that is required in a Christian professour, I gaue for tytle to my Booke the counterfeyt Christian, wherein I

declared the great disorders of this our tyme, as also the wonderfull vertues and puritie of lyfe, that glorioully shyned among the first and auncyent professours of Christ, whiche Booke beyng encreased to some largenesse of volume, and euen almost readie to be publyshed vnder the patronage and protection of your two names, by yll fauourd missortune perished. Wherwithal somthing discontented that both I should thus bee defrawded of the effect of my long trauayle, and you of that which so long and so earnestly I ment you. With a scarse quiet mind I hastily began this volume, which (bicause of the daũgers of this worlde, whereby the soule enclosed in the barke of sinfull flesshe wyth great hasard passeth) I named the Ship of safegarde, a Ship but rudely furnished, and God knowes symply rygged, as the great haste aud small tyme enforced, wanting both strength of tymber and comlynesse of proporcion, two euydent signes of an vnskilfull workeman. Notwithstanding howsoeuer it be, I dedicate it vnto you as an earnest token of my good wyll towardes you, not doubting but you will so accept it, whervnto I had also thought to haue added (bicause I know you delight in stories)

the

the lyues and actes of dyuers men in the primatiue Church, whereof I began with one or two, but bicause they were tedious, and my leisure but little, I left then and proceeded no farther. God poure vpon you his plenteous blessyng, graunt you long and prosperous yeres on earth, and after your passage from this vale of wretchednesse, euerlasting rest and ioy in the kingdome of Heauen. From London the fourtenth of Februarie.

Your louing brother in lawe. G. B.

To the Reader.

WHo ſeekes to treade that happie path,
that leades to perfite bliſſe:
And faine would finde the certayne way,
that many wandring miſſe.
Muſt baniſh eaſe and bend himſelfe,
to abyde both care and paine:
And ſeeke to conquer eche delight,
and worldly pleaſure vaine.
For as the way but narrow is,
that leadeth ſtraight to ioy:
So is it all beſet with thornes,
and briers that anoy.
In euric place are ſtubbles and prickes,
that ſtayes the feeble Feete:
And lothſome for the time it ſeemes,
that after prooues moſt ſweete.
A fearefull hart refuſeth quite,
to walke that painefull way:
But carefull mindes regarde not paine,
ſuch pleaſure to aſſay.
Both wayes before the eyes doth lye,
and view of eurie braine,
The tone both narrow ſowre and ſharpe,
the other ſmooth and plaine.
The tone doth after ſmart and grieſe,
bring men where God doth raine:

To the Reader.

The other after pleasures sweete,
bringes euerlasting paine:
The tone doth glister in the eyes,
with faire and pleasant ground.
The other lothsome seemes and darke,
and scarcely to be found.
But hardest thinges experience tries,
are often found most sweete:
And high attempts for valiant hartes,
are thought of all most meete.
Thou therefore that doest minde to see:
the ioyes celestiall:
And to beholde that happie face,
that neuer perishe shall
Forsake this waye that pleasant is,
at first vnto the eye:
And as a daunger foule and great,
such flattring pleasures flye.
Tread thou the path that mounteth vp,
to place where God doth liue:
And doth for euerie paine on earth,
a thousand pleasures giue.
Such pleasures as doe farre surmount,
the fading pleasures here:
As farre as doth the Sunne excell,
the Moone in shyning clere.
Faynt not for anye griefe or paine,
nor neuer wearie be:

To the Reader.

Well may the way be passed, and God
himselfe shall succour thee.
For God doth ayde all those that giue
themselues with all their might,
To finde his wayes and courage giues
to all that well doe fight.
Against the flattrings of the worlde,
and fansies vaine of minde,
No better Capitaine canst thou haue,
nor guide of better kinde.

The Ship of safegarde.

THe wandring wight that in the raging seas,
wyth sayling Barke doth seke the happy port,
No leysure hath to giue himselfe to ease:
Ne time he findes wherein to play or sport.
Eche long delay, eche calme doth him displease,
Hym listeth not to lynger in such sort,
In nothing ioyes, in nothing pleasure findes, ii.
Saue in the blastes of prosperous happie windes.

His carefull braine is busied euermore,
In vewyng well his Compasse and his Carde
And minding still what daungers lye before,
what swelling sands, what rocks, what Hauens barde
wyth skilfull head he seekes the safest shore,
And thetherwarde doth sayle with good regarde,
Brings home his Bark through stormes & tẽpests great
To happie port and long desired seat.

The vnskilfull head, and rechelesse ydle minde,
Contrariewise doth giue himselfe to rest,
Not fearing stormes nor boystrous blasts of winde,
But in the middest of daungers fearcth least
And thinkes the Hauen happily to finde,
When stormes are past, and tempests cleerely ceast.
Thus guyded euill his shyp on rocks doth fall,
And castes awaye both fraught and foole and all.

Euen so the will and fansie vayne of man,
That through this worlde his paynefull passage makes,
Who ought to seeke by all the meanes he can
Through daungers deepe, and lothsome lowring lakes,
That happie port for which his course began,
For which eche carefull minde his trauaile takes,
In thousand harmes and thousand daungers pcrit,
Doth giue himselfe to careiesse ease and rest,

The ſhip of ſafegard.

Regarding not the hazard of himſelfe,
Nor taking heede his fleſhly foyſt to guide,
Full fraught with ſin, and care of worldly pelfe,
Makes no account of wether, winde or tide,
But blindly ſtrikes himſelfe on euerie ſhelfe,
And in the flouds of miſchiefe wanders wide,
Till on the rocks he deſperately doth light,
And loſeth all for lacke of guiding right.

Within the ſeas of fonde affection blinde,
That through the world in euerie place doth flowe,
Sayles euerie Wight that liueth here by kinde.
And runnes the race that fancie forth doth blowe,
And keepes the courſe that pleaſeth beſt his minde,
With ſayles full thwackt with winde and luſtie ſhowe,
But of ten thouſand that thus doe brauely fleete,
Scarſe ten at length doe with the Hauen meete.

The Hauen faire I meane of perfite ioye,
Where chiefeſt pleaſure hath hir biding place,
Where ioye ſurmounts, where griefe can not anoye,
Where liues the king of euerlaſting grace,
That well rewardes eche minde that doth employe
Them ſelfe in trauaile to attaine that place:
And doth condemne to euerlaſting paine,
All thoſe that him forſake for pleaſures vaine.

The ſeas be rough, the paſſage full of paine,
The daungers great, the iourney large and long,
The Pilots yll, the Coaſt is nothing plaine,
The force but weake, the enimies ſtout and ſtrong,
The lets a number that labour to detaine,
And flattring ſhowes that leades the maiſter wrong,
The ſtreites of Marrocke are not halfe ſo yll,
Ne race of Britaine, ne Charybdis, nor Scyll,

where-

Wherefore in vaine we ſtrine without a guide,
To paſſe theſe ſeas where thouſand daungers bee,
With rocks and ſhelues beſet on euerie ſide,
Where nought but death the fearefull eye can ſee,
Now forced with windes, now driuen backe with tide,
Nie drownd with cares, and bet with miſerie,
Amazed with miſts, and wandring without light,
Except we finde the helpe of holy ſpirite.

Which ſpirite that in our iourney we may haue,
With humble hart and earneſt prayer made,
With knees bowed downe, his ayde here let vs craue,
That he vouchſafe to teach vs plaine the trade
Of ſayling right, and from all daungers ſaue
Our ſimple ſoules, that through theſe ſeas muſt wade,
With ſtedfaſt fayth to him thus let vs pray,
That he may guide vs through this doubtfull way.

O ſacred ſpirite that all things well doeſt guide,
And bringeſt eche good thought to his deſire,
And ſuffereſt not no error to abide,
Whereas it likes thy grace for to inſpire:
That doeſt for euery humble hart prouide,
And ſheweſt the way with thy celeſtiall fire,
Powre downe thy grace, direct my feeble hand,
That I may ſhew where perfite bliſſe doth ſtand.

By thee we may be ſure the way to finde,
That leadeth ſtraight to perfite ioy and bliſſe,
By thee we ſhunne the rocks and daungers blinde,
That makes vs oft the Hauen faire to miſſe,
Thou onlye art the ſtarre that guideſt the minde
Vnto the place where perfite pleaſure is.
Giue me thy light, caſt downe thy beames from hie,
That I may ſhow which way the courſe doth lie.

The ſhip of ſafegard.

The wretched ſeas of worldly pleaſures vaine,
The miſchiefes and the harmes that comes thereby,
The flattering ſhowes, that trouble moſt the brayne,
The noyſome luſts, and fancies there that lie,
That cauſers are of euerlaſting paine,
And caſts away the ſoules that trauaile by:
I will declare, and eke which way to runne,
What courſe to keepe, what daungers for to ſhunne.

Within theſe ſeas, when firſt we enter in,
When firſt to winde our ſayles committed bee,
When pleaſantly on calmed ſtreames we ſwim,
A mightie rocke ſo ſtreight at hand we ſee
Of maſſie Gold, all decked and garniſht trim,
That doth allure the eye of eche degree,
The compaſſe great with corners out doth lie,
The heigth whereof doth reach the ſtarrie ſkie.

A ſtately rocke beſet with Diamondes faire,
And pouldred round about with Rubies red,
Where Emralds greene doo gliſter in the aire,
With Mantell blew of Saphyres ouer ſpred:
Where wants no ſtone that nature can repaire,
No pearle of price nor Jewell poliſhed.
Another heauen for the time it ſeemes,
And oft for heauen fooliſh men it deemes.

With ſwelling ſands it lies encompaſt round,
And many a ragged reach it ſendeth out,
Whereby full many a thouſand haue bene drownd,
Yet neuer ceaſe they for to ſaile about,
In gaſing ſtill vpon this gorgeous ground,
Approching neerer not hauing any doubt,
Till on the ſands with haſtie courſe they ſlide,
And loſe themſelues vpon this piere of pride,

No

No greater daunger ſhalt thou lightly finde,
That more miſhap and miſchiefe more doth make,
Than this, that pluckes away the ſaylers minde,
And cauſeth him contrarie courſe to take.
Who forward puft with fonde vainglorious winde,
His perfite way doth vtterly forſake,
Till on the ſands his keale here happes to knocke,
And daſheth all a ſunder on this rocke.

A wretched rocke that mounting to the ſkie,
(Contenting not himſelfe with earthly ſpoyle)
Once ouerthrew the Angels ſitting hie,
And caſt them headlong from their happy ſoyle
To darkeſt place where wayling now they lie,
With griefe aſhamed of ſo great a foyle.
The chiefe eſtates and princes here below,
Haue eke good cauſe this daungerous place to know.

The raging waues doth belching vpward caſt
The wretched wrackes that round about doe fleete,
The ſilken ſayles and gliſtering golden Maſt,
Lies all to torne and troden vnder feete.
The witleſſe throng of women ſwarming faſt,
Like Parrats pied in garments farre vnmeete,
With ſcarfes and fethers like to ſouldiers dreſt,
With painted heare and ſhameleſſe bared breſt.

A monſtrous ſort of men there ſhalt thou ſee,
Not men, but deuils ſure that beare the face
Of men, that neuer can contented bee
With comly garments meete, but (voyde of grace)
Forgetting quite their auncient olde degree,
To women chaunged, their manly ſhapes deface
With ſlender waſtes, as Maydens moſt doe vſe.
And friſled heare like harlots of the ſtewes.

With countnance coy, and forhead forced hie,
And ſtaring top as lately frayed with ſpirites,
In rich attire, to feede the gasers eie,
That euermore in glistring show delights,
A sort of beasts, whose chiefest ioy doth lie,
In decking vp themselues for wondring sights,
In yelow, red, and Purple to be seene,
Sometimes like fooles in gownes of gawdy greene.

As painted tombes that stinch and filth containe,
And Arras faire that rotten wals doth hide,
So doe these fooles, with all their garments vaine,
And fresh attire drest vp in pompe and pride,
Nought else but beastly mindes and doltish braine,
Faire couered, keepe which filthie else were spide,
For vnderneath their garments glistering braue,
Lies mindes corrupt as rotten bones in graue.

A sinfull sort that wholy spend their life,
In setting out their stinking carcasse here,
Who night and daye doe passe with care and strife,
In studying how they fairest may appeare,
And wearie soone of fashions olde and rife,
Disguise themselues in newe disguised geare,
As not consisting of their proper minde,
But chaunging still as chaunged things they finde.

Flie thou this rocke and take good heede thereto,
For who so keepes this dreadfull daungerous way,
Shall run the race that him shall quite vndo,
And misse the marke by sayling thus astray,
That should him bring the happie Hauen to,
No mischiefe more doth breede the soules decay,
No greater harme can hap to mortall kinde,
Than for to run vpon this daunger blinde.

For who ſo once vpon the ſame doth fall,
Forgetteth God, forgets his owne eſtate,
Of good or vertue makes no count at all,
So he may liue aloft without a mate,
And for to attaine a little glorie ſmall,
He nought eſteemes of mightie Ioue the hate,
Who of all other ſorts can worſt abide,
Such kinde of men as moſt delights in pride.

But to auoyde this rocke and hasard great,
Strike thou thy sayles and beare thy countnance low,
Shun ſumptuous ſhew, regard not Lordly ſeat,
Nor to be knowne, ſeeke rather God to know,
Who being Lord and prince of glory great,
Came downe from hie, and liued on earth below
In poore attire and ſimple ſhow beſide,
To teache vs men for to beware of pride.

Remember ſtill how that the loftie minde
That in this world doth ſeeke to gliſter ſo,
Blowne on this rocke by fonde vainglorious winde,
Fall headlong downe to euerlaſting wo,
Where no releaſe of torments ſhall be finde,
But as he wont in colours bright to go,
So bright in flames of fires ſhall he blaſe,
Who flamed afore for euerie eye to gaſe.

Be neuer prowde of what ſo nature giues,
For what ſhe giues, in time ſhe takes away,
The faireſt creature, the fineſt wit that liues,
In ſhorteſt time we ſee doth cleane decay,
Away goeth all though neuer ſo ſore it grieues,
No pleaſant thing can here haue longer ſtay,
What follie then is it to ſet delight,
On fading ſmokes, and loſe the heauens bright?

Be lowly minded, of meeke and humble cheare,
Thinke glory vnmeete for men of baſe degree,
Since God for pride with Angels would not beare,
Be well aſſured he will not beare it in thee,
To late thou ſhalt repent, when thou ſhalt ſee,
The ſober ſort moſt ſimply clothed heare
With gliſtring robes amongſt the Angels hie,
And thou thy ſelfe with Deuils low to lie,

The griefe beſide is great of troubled minde,
That in this world they often time ſuſtaine:
As want of wealth that ſtops their fancies blinde,
whereby they fare like Tantalus in paine,
In euerie place men coſtly clad they finde,
And they themſelues can not thereto attaine,
Sometime diſeaſes ſore doth them deface,
Then farewell ioy a ground is all their grace.

The Chriſtall Glaſſe wherein they wont to prie
With ioyfull hart, to ſee their beautie cleare,
Giues out a ſhape vnpleaſant to the eie,
Whereas their crabbed countnaunce doth appeare,
All fret with holes, where Pockes of late did lie,
Downe falles the viſage then with heauie cheare,
And mourning tho, from thence apace they goe,
As men amaſed with ſome ſodeine woe.

The pleaſant fame for euer now is gone,
That wonted was their eares for to delight,
Of marke him well, lo yonder goeth one
In whom hath Nature ſought to ſhew hir might,
A comlier creature you can not looke vppon,
Of better fauour or framed in better plight,
Now no ſuch ſounde but ſcorne on eurie ſide,
While eche one ſayth beholde the ende of pride.

Therfore take heede that in theſe ſeas doſt ſayle,
Let not this vaine delight deceiue thy minde,
But rather ſtriue againſt it to preuayle,
And ſeeke the chanell of lowlyneſſe to finde,
which when thou getteſt, no tempeſt can thee quayle,
Thou needeſt not feare no ſtorme nor chaunging winde,
For there is harbrow ſafe for eurie wight,
That in this happy Chanell haps to light.

This daunger paſt, and left aloofe behinde,
Before thine eyes doth ſtraight againe appeare,
A fowle deformed pile and haſard blinde,
That caſtes awaye all ſuch as trauaile neare,
A lothſome rocke and hurtfull to the minde,
All ouergrowne with moſſe and ruſtie geare,
Deformed to the eye, yet doth allure
Of earthly men the earthy mindes vnpure.

A daungerous place that numbers doth deſtroy,
Of ſuch as careleſſe are of sayling right,
whoſe brutiſh mindes haue here no other ioy,
Then on the droſſe of earth to ſet delight,
This miſchiefe great doth baſeſt mindes anoy,
And neuer hurts the hawtie heaueniy ſpirite,
But greedy mindes and ſuch as are not wiſe,
This lothſome place is called Auarice.

A number great of wrackes here ſhalt thou ſee,
That thicke in thouſands about this place doe ſwarme,
That neuer could aliue admoniſhde bee
For to beware of this ſo great a harme,
Nor to eſchew this preſent ieoperdie,
Suffyſed no words their Graceleſſe mindes to charme,
Nor no aduiſe could cauſe them ſayle aright,
Till on this rocke they wilfully doe light.

With countnance pale and wan thou ſhalt beholde
Their carcaſſe quite conſumed vnto nought,
Their wearish limmes with cares congealed colde,
Their bloud dried vp with ſorow and with thought,
Their feeble fingars ſtill claſping in of golde.
Deſire whereof to them this miſchiefe brought,
Hanged round about with bags on euerie ſide,
The poyſe whereof doth cauſe them there to bide.

Vpon the ſands great Caſkets heaped lie,
And Cofers ſtuft with euerie kinde of coyne,
Scraped vp by fraude and filthy vſurie,
How here, now there, whereſoeuer they could purloyne,
By force, by fraude, or any villanie,
Of rich, of poore, of Courtier or of Cloyne,
They wey not where nor how they doe it get,
For all is fish with them that comes to net.

A filthie minde that trauailes to no ende,
But for to pleaſe the ſtill deſiring eye,
Eſteemes no paine, regardes no foe nor frende,
Helpes not himſelfe, nor no man elſe thereby,
In ſparing, ioyes, and pineth if he ſpende,
Is neuer good vntill the time he die,
which time he pleaſures many with his hoord,
As doth the Swine when as he comes to boord,

A brutish ſort that neuer can reioyce
whyle here they liue, for carke, for feare or toyle,
Still dreaming that they heare the dreadfull voyce
Of thiefe at hand, or ſouldier them to ſpoyle,
Or ſodeine death that makes of them no choyſe,
But takes them hence amid their moſt turmoyle,
And rakes them vp in earth encloſed deepe,
Where voyde of gaine and kept for paine they ſleepe.

What profites them their heapes of riches great,
For which aliue they tooke ſuch care and paine,
Oft wanting ſleepe, forbearing often meat,
With greedie minde to encreaſe their treaſure vaine,
When lothſome wormes their carcaſſe vile ſhall eat,
And Fiendes conuay their ſoules to Plutocs raigne,
Kung downe to hell with Curſings of the poore,
Whoſe wiues and children lie weeping without doore.

What helpes the wealth that doth not ſerue the neede?
What good doth Golde that doth but feede the eie?
What gaine but griefe haue they for all their neede?
That labour here for money till they die,
Which long kept in is ſpent at length with ſpeede,
Perhaps of him that was the enimie,
A goodly thing to pine for riches ſo,
And know not who ſhall haue them when we go.

O wretched beaſts, that neuer haue no ende,
Of this your vile and couetous deſire,
Why ſpare you thus that other folkes ſhall ſpende?
you toyle and moyle like Bayard in the mire,
your ſelues to graue before your time you ſende,
And ſo from thence to euerlaſting fire,
Where you ſhall finde the fruites of all your gaine,
In broyling flames and neuer ceaſſing paine.

The poore oppreſt whom in this world you polde,
your ſelues ſhall ſee to gliſter in the ſkie,
And call and ball to them for water colde,
To coole your heate in torments where you lie,
But all in vaine, for this you haue bene tolde,
By him that preached with Lazarus from hie,
And ſince you would not by others harmes take heede,
Blame no man tho in like ſort if you ſpeede.

God

God hath himſelfe declared to you before,
That euen as ſlow rich men to heauen flie,
And enter in as hardly at the doore,
As doth the Camell paſſe a Needles eie.
your burden great extorted from the poore,
Doth keepe you downe, you can not mount ſo hie,
The path is narrow, the gates are very ſtraight,
You can not enter, with ſo great a waight.

your factors lie not there to aunſwere you,
your bill of debt, nor no ſuch other geare,
Nor by exchaunge you can haue nothing due,
your double vſance is but ſingle there,
The trade is chaunged, the world is altered new,
your toyle for gaine ſhall purchace homely cheare,
your ten in hundreds will ſcarcely then amount,
When for your dealings you ſhall be cal'de to count.

A thouſand actions ſhalbe entred there,
Againſt you for your fraude and vſurie,
And Lawyer none ſhall ſhew his face for feare,
Though you retaine him with his double fee,
Leaſt that in pleading it plainly doth appeare,
His Clients cauſe and his for to agree,
The Iudge is wiſe, and eaſly can eſpie
If fault or fraude doe vnder colours lie.

with quaking hart at barre then ſhalt thou ſtande,
without aduice or any other aide,
Hie holding vp thy giltie gilted hande,
For feare of ſentence vtterly diſmaide.
Thy whole accompt ſhall throughly there be ſcande,
And euerie title perfitely be wayde.
And euerie pennie how it hath bene ſpent,
That vnto thee for purpoſe good was lent.

Therfore who ſayleth nere this lothſome place,
Fall off betimes and keepe another way,
Haue in thy minde the Hauen faire of grace,
And from thy Compaſſe go not much aſtray,
Beholde thy Carde and keepe a perfite race,
And in ſuch daungers make no long delay,
No ancours here beware that thou doe caſt,
For ſhip and all will ſoone be layde vp faſt.

If that the burden that thou bearſt be great,
Caſt ouer boorde both bags and baggage quite,
Let neuer Golde thee of thy ioy defeat,
Safe ſhalt thou ſayle and better trauaile light,
Than ouerladen to loſe the happie ſeate,
And neuer finde the gorgeous Hauen bright,
Of reſt and bliſſe, where free and frankeſt mindes
Doe ſhrowde their ſhips eſcapde from greedy windes.

Well mayſt thou employe the riches here thou haſt,
And pleaſe the king and Lorde of glorie hie,
If that thou makſt of them no wanton waſt,
Ne ſcrapeſt them vp in Coffers cloſe to lie,
But layſt them where they may be ſafeſt plaſt,
Vpon the poore that liue in miſerie,
And vpon ſuch as comfortleſſe remaine,
This is the beſt and ſureſt kinde of gaine.

How goodly a thing is it for to relieue
The afflicted caſe of men with neede oppreſt,
Whom daily cares and troubled minde doth grieue,
That ſcarſe can finde an houre of quiet reſt,
Whilſt thou haſt thouſands hanging on thy ſleeue,
And ſpendſt thy dayes with welth and pleaſure bleſt,
Remember well, that richeſſe are but lent,
And nothing ours but that which well is ſpent.

The ſhip of ſafegard.

Another miſchiefe in the waye doth ſtand,
With ougly ſhape and vile deformed ſight,
Encompaſt round with quicke and quiuering ſand,
That ſwallowes vp all ſuch as theron light,
Foule ſwarmes of ſerpents crawle on euerie hand,
With gaſtly teeth and ſtings embrued with ſpite,
Whoſe hiſſing tongues doe yelde a filthie noyſe,
A lothſome ſound, a moſt vnpleaſant voyce.

About this rocke in euerie place they crall,
And ſhake their tongues at them that trauaile by,
Whom enuious windes doth cauſe with them to fall,
And ſpite compelles to run their courſe awrie,
Moſt wretched guides to guide a Barke withall,
And moſt vnmeete ſuch daungerous ſeas to trie,
Who neuer ceaſſe till all be ouerthrowne,
Till Foyſt and fraight be vnder ſurges blowne.

Here poyſned vapors continually doe riſe,
And yelling noyſe and hatefull crie is hard,
The helliſh cloudes ſo dafe the saylers eies,
That ſcarce he ſees his Compaſſe or his Card,
Except he ſkilfull be and verie wiſe,
And of his courſe haue alwayes good regard,
And caſt about to meete ſome better winde,
That may him bring vnto his port aſſignde.

The tide is ſtrong that runneth thereabout,
The weather great that beates vpon the coſt,
The holde to weake to thinke to rid it out,
whereby full many at ancour haue bene loſt,
That thought it ſafe and made therof no dout,
And periſhed where as they truſted moſt,
This harmfull place Detraction hath to name,
An auncient enmy to the Barke of fame.

Vpon

The ſhip of ſafegard.

Apon this rocke as loſt and caſt awaye,
All thoſe whoſe tongues delight in yll repoꝛt,
And make of ſlaunders but a kinde of playe,
wherewith themſelues moſt ſpitefully they ſtꝛoꝛt,
Defacing quite by all the meanes they maye
Both name and fame of euerie kinde of ſoꝛt,
Still charging them with this thing and with that,
And oftentimes they wote not well with what.

Of euerie man their tongue muſt run at large,
Nought can be ſayde but muſt their iudgement paſſe,
Their oares muſt be a board in euerie barge,
With eche mans life they melt, and yet (alaſſe)
Their owne is woꝛſt, whereof they take no charge,
Their owne deformities they view not in the glaſſe,
But looke in others what they finde amiſſe,
Apace at that with hatefull tongue they hiſſe.

Whatſoeuer they ſee, oꝛ whatſoeuer they heare,
They make much woꝛſe than it was ſayde oꝛ ment,
Their cancred tongues ſo ſpitefull doe appeare,
That ſtill to yll they chaunge the good intent,
And make it darke that of it ſelfe was cleare,
Bicauſe it doth not their momiſh mindes content,
What likes them not muſt ſtreight diſpraiſed bee,
Their eyes be dim, they can no vertue ſee.

The vertuouſt man that can be found alyue,
Can not eſcape their ſpitefull poyſned tong,
Though that by all the meanes he can, he ſtriue,
With vertuous life to ceaſe the rumoꝛ ſpꝛong,
No vertuous act theſe Waſpes away can dꝛiue,
But Harpy like they file all with their dung,
On euerie table, on euerie place they laye
Their filth and ſtinch, and all things foule araye.

Moſt

Moſt lothſome fowles that haue no other food,
But feede vpon the fame of eurie man,
A filthie race, a curſed beaſtly brood,
Who while themſelues no kinde of vertue can,
Yet in their fond and frantick furious mood,
They others ſpoyle of vertuous fame, and whan
They ſee that any ſeeke to liue vpright,
Their enuious harts are like to breake with ſpite.

This wretched ſort haue ſwarmed euermore,
And haue continued ſince the world was made,
Encreaſing ſtill with poyſon kept in ſtore,
Haue neuer ceaſed their former curſed trade.
The godlieſt men in ages here before,
Could neuer cauſe this graceleſſe ſort to fade,
Doe what they could, they could not ſcape the ſting
Of ſlanderous tongues that more and more did ſpring.

Good Moyſes olde, whoſe meeke and vertuous ſpirite,
Deſerued well of eurie kinde of man,
Redreſſing wrong and alwayes furthring right,
Of whom a fame through all the world out ran,
In whom that mightie Lord tooke great delight,
And patterne firſt of princely power began,
Could not eſcape this cancred curriſh ſort,
That ſteynd his fame with lewde and ill report.

Reporting that he wrought by ſorcerie,
Such wonders great as at that time they ſawe,
And that he gouernde all by tyrannie,
Miſuſing men without all right or lawe,
Oppreſſing poore men with extremitie,
And better ſo to keepe them vnder awe,
Inuented eke a fond religion vaine,
Deuiſed only by his ſuttle braine.

The ſhip of ſafegard.

The righteous Iob that perfite was and iuſt,
In whom the deuill himſelfe no fault could finde,
That ſerued God with earneſt faith and truſt,
Obedient alwayes to his ſacred minde,
Deſpiſed the world, deſpiſed all fleſhly luſt,
And neuer yeelded to affection blinde,
Yet felt the tongue and ſting of ſlanderous fame,
That found in him things worthy ſtill of blame.

The holye prophetes that liued long agoe,
Like Gods on earth with vertue ſhining bright,
Who planted vertue where vice before did floe,
And on the heauens ſet their whole delight,
In teaching men the right way here to goe,
Were oft reuilde with great reproche and ſpite,
And counted were ſeditious men and nought,
And ſuch as all things out of order brought.

That happy meſſenger that brought the tidings glad,
That made the heauie hart for to reioyce,
And caſt away their dolefull countnance ſad,
Reuiued with his healthfull heauenly voyce,
While as he preached with ſkinnes of Camell clad,
And brought them there of heauen happie choyſe,
This curſed ſort that all things wrong doe wreſt,
Reporteth that the deuill him poſſeſt.

The almightie Lord that downe from heauen hie,
Amongſt vs came to ſaue ſuch as were loſt,
In whome no ſinne nor kinde of vice did lie,
All full of grace and of the holy ghoſt,
Relieued all that vnto him did crie,
And healed the ſicke and ſore in euerie coſt,
For all his vertue, for all his ſtate deuine,
Was called a glutton, a drinker deepe in wine.

What ſhould I call to minde the lewde repoꝛt,
His good diſciples gat foꝛ all their paine,
The infamies that toucht that ſacred ſoꝛt,
That gaue their liues to encreaſe the heaucnly raigne,
Who made of cruell toꝛments but a ſpoꝛt,
And laught to ſcoꝛne the Heathenish follies vaine,
The ſlaundꝛous tongues yet blaſed in euerie place,
How they ne had religion, God, noꝛ grace.

What ſhould I tell the cancred carliſh ſpite
Shewed openly at this ſame preſent daye,
Of ſuch as boaſt in Gods behalfe to wꝛite,
Whoſe diueliſh tongues their helliſh harts bewꝛaye,
With blaſphemies the heauens hie they ſmite,
And open mouthed with Woluiſh voyce they bꝛaye,
Chꝛiſt neuer taught no ſuch vncourteous ſtile,
Ne ſeemes a Chꝛiſtian ſuch lothſome language vile.

His ſpꝛite was meeke, his talke was alwayes milde,
With woꝛdes of comfoꝛt euermoꝛe he ſpake,
All bitter ſpeach from him was quite exilde,
Wherefoꝛe he bad all his example take,
And therefoꝛe he that thinks to be the childe
Of God, yll tongue muſt vtterly foꝛſake,
Uncourteous ſpeach, of heauen doth not ſmell,
Nay rather ſtinketh of the pit of hell.

The Fiends that low beneath in Limbo lie,
Condemned to perpetuall paine and ſhame,
This churliſh ſpeach doe vſe continuallie,
And barke and baule at euerie vertuous name,
Their helliſh thꝛotes with hatefull noyſe doe crie,
And ſtill accuſe the ſaintes of God with blame,
Malebouche their maiſter doth them euer teache,
With curſed ſpeach and poyſned tongue to pꝛeache.

For ſlaunder there is counted vertue great,
In hatefull words they moſt of all delight,
Foule Infamie hath there the chiefeſt ſeate,
Accompanied with malice and with ſpite,
Who drops of enuie continually doe ſweate,
With hatefull ſhow and foule vnfauored ſight,
Repining ſtill at all men that doe well,
And fearing God, doe ſhun the pit of hell.

But thou that ſeekeſt the happie heauenly ſeate,
Keepe not this courſe but well therof beware,
With ſpitefull tongue doe thou no man intreate,
Of others faults haue neuer to much care,
But of thine owne that liueſt in daungers great,
Such toyle is much and well thou mayſt it ſpare,
Of others faults what needſt thou babble ſo,
when thou thy ſelfe haſt vices many mo.

Let no mans life by thee defaced bee,
Take not awaye that thou canſt not reſtore,
And looke what faults in others thou doeſt ſee,
Take heede that in thy ſelfe it be not more,
Report not vll, ſpeake well of eche degree,
Encreaſe not griefe, but rather ſalue the ſore,
Good woordes of all men gayneth laude and prayſe,
where as vll tongues are counted caſtawayes.

The gentle minde doth plainly repreſent,
A liuely forme of God himſelfe on hie,
Whoſe gracious will to goodneſſe alwayes bent,
Delightes in myldeneſſe and in clemencie,
Who chiefly framed man for that intent,
To beare ſome ſhowe of ſacred maieſtie,
But curſed ſpeach this picture out doth race,
And ſetteth vp the deuill in the place.

The ſhip of ſafegard.

Auoyde this daunger, and further from it flie,
Let not ſuch miſchiefe thy deſtruction bee,
For feare of loſing all, ſayle not to nie,
The loſſe is great, ſome ſafer ſhore goe ſee,
Where as at ancor thou mayſt ſafely lie,
And reſt, leaſt to much trauaile wearie thee,
In daungers great we may not run at length,
But reſt a while to gather farther ſtrength.

Hoyſe vp thy ſayles, and giue them to the winde,
Theſe daungers paſt, the fewer do remaine,
Take courage good, and ſhew thy valiant minde,
And wey that pleaſure followes after paine,
As after troubles quiet reſt we finde,
That farre ſurmounts our toyles and trauailes vaine,
For who ſo ſhrinkes with painfull things to meete,
Is farre vnworthy for to taſte the ſweete.

Sayle on thy courſe, and caſt a carefull eie,
About thy ſelfe within theſe ſeas ſo toſt,
And euer marke what perils nere doe lie,
Leaſt that thy negligence thee dearly coſt,
And ſounding ſure, the hurtfull places trie,
Vpon the which haue thouſand ſoules bene loſt,
That careleſly with vnaduiſed minde,
Haue blindly followed euery puft of winde.

Before thy face at hand thou ſhalt beholde,
A foule great flat moſt lothſome for to ſee,
All ouerſpred with limmes and bodies colde,
And Barkes and Boates that all to broken bee,
From whence the fraight vpon the ſands are rolde
And tumbled out thereon, both he and ſhee,
That ſprawling lie vpon this wretched place,
With piteous looke and miſerable face.

About the broken Warkes doe ſcattred lie,
Great tunnes of wine, of euery kinde of ſort,
And ſumptuous tables with diſhes heaped hie,
And coſtly bankets painted with diſport,
The more to pleaſe the greedie gluttons eie,
That vnto them oft reſorteth to reſort,
No kinde of fleſh or fiſh there can be got,
But may be ſeene heaped vp vpon this plot.

All ready dreſt and furniſht to the eie,
With ſundrie ſauces the ſtomacke to allure,
Great platters there with wilde fowle full doe lie,
And ſpits full charged, that ſcarce their weight endure
Of deintie beaſts and deintie birdes them bie,
As greedy luſt can for the paunch procure,
Ech diſh dreſt vp as beſt may pleaſe the taſte,
With great expence and ſmall account of waſte.

About theſe diſhes round attending ſtand,
Ech vile diſeaſe that may be named or found,
The groning gowte with ſhackled foote and hand,
That ſcarſe can ſtaye from falling to the ground,
The Dropſie pale ſtands ſhaking on the ſand,
With bellie ſwolne that yeeldes a hollowe ſound,
The Feuer hote ſittes gaping here for winde,
Whoſe ſcorched tongue no taſte in meate can finde.

Quotidians there and Quartans ſhalt thou ſee,
Now quaking colde, now burning all on flame,
There double, halfe, and baſtard Certians bee,
Continuars and thoſe that Hecticke haue to name,
With many more of this fraternitie,
Whereat Phiſitions oft make pleaſant game,
Attaining vnto treaſure and to welth,
More weying golde than any pacients helth.

A number great of ſickneſſes beſide,
With piteous face and miſerable ſhow
Way euerie where about this place be ſpide,
That in theſe full fed fooles doe often grow,
As Pleureſies with torments in the ſide,
And iaundiſes in mouing faint and ſlow,
With falling ſickneſſe that foming foule doth lie,
And Apoplexies murdring ſodeinlie.

Moſt grieuous paines and ſwimming in the head,
With Letharges forgetting euerie thing,
And ſtrangling quinſies with flaming humors fed,
That many men vnto their graues doe bring,
Conſuming Ptiſicks long lingring in the bed,
And painfull Colicks whoſe griefe the guts do wring,
Both Stone & Strangurie lie here with grieuous pain,
And many more that to rehearſe were vain.

This fearefull place is called Gluttonie,
Wherein great numbers haue bene caſt awaye,
While as with greedie luſt they ſayled bie
And ran their courſe by negligence aſtraye,
Shun thou this daanger, and from this miſchiefe flie,
And let not ſuch an yll be thy decaye,
Let thouſands dying there before thy face,
Example be for thee to ſhun this place.

A wretched vice, a ſinfull crime it is,
To pamper vp the fleſh with his delight,
Whereby more prone it is to liue amiſſe,
And more meete for to reſiſt the ſpyte,
That Creature neuer ſeekes the place of bliſſe,
Nor neuer thinkes vpon the heauens bright,
That ſtudies here his greedie luſt to pleaſe,
And for to paſſe his time in reſt and eaſe.

The fleſh will neuer here ſubdued bee,
Nor made obedient to the heauenly minde,
While as we farce it vp in this degree,
With meate of euerie daintie ſort and kinde,
Theſe fine fed folkes as daily we may ſee,
Are bent to luſt and fleſhly affections blinde,
But few of them that vertuous are or chaſt,
That haue their guts thus inwardly bumbaſt.

As wood heaped vp a hie vpon the fire,
Or oyle caſt in doth more augment the heate,
So doth this foule and filthie fonde deſire
Of ſurfetting and cramming in of meate,
Encreaſe the flame of lecherous deſire,
And makes the bodie blaſe with vices great,
Unmeete to follow any vertue good,
While as it is ſo cheriſhed with foode.

The feeble braine with ſtinking vapors daſed
That boyling in the ſtomacke vpward riſe,
Aſtoniſhed and vtterly amaſed,
Cannot aſpire vnto the hautie ſkies,
So weake it is, and ſo with ſurfets craſed,
That in the body all a ſleepe it lies,
Applying not it ſelfe the way to finde,
For to reſtraine the affections of the minde.

O what a ſort may at this day be found,
That only giue themſelues to eate and drinke
Like brutiſh beaſts, that graſing on the ground
Continually, of nothing elſe doe thinke,
What greater ſhame to Chriſtians can redound?
What more before the face of God doth ſtinke?
Than thus to feede the paunch continually,
That to the ſoule is ſuch an enimy.

what folly greater can committed bee,
Then where we here may liue long time in helth,
with moderate diet and ſobrietie,
All voyd of ſickneſſe that farre ſurmounteth welth,
We rather chooſe to liue in miſerie,
And for to lacke both quietneſſe and helth,
Eſteeming more a graceleſſe pleaſure vaine,
Than for to keepe our bodies out of paine.

And where as nature doth well hir ſelfe content
With ſlender diet, wherein ſhe moſt delights,
Of which hath God ſufficient alwayes ſent,
To ſerue our neede, and to refreſh our ſprites,
We neuer ceaſing to feede with belly bent,
Still cramming in like greedy rauening kites,
Both God diſpleaſe, and nature quite deſtroy,
And for our labour loſe eternall ioy.

Therefore eſchew thy beaſtly greedy minde,
This gurmandiſe, this filthie foule delight,
For brutiſh beaſts, and not for men aſſignde,
Helpe not the fleſh to ouerthrow the ſprite,
But helpe the ſprite to daunt affections blinde,
So ſhalt thou make both ſoule and body light,
When both in one ſhall happily agree,
To ſeeke the ſkies where thou ſhalt bleſſed bee.

Eate not to much, but often vſe to faſt,
Both Nature biddes, and Chriſt commaundeth ſo,
Our fathers olde that liued in ages paſt,
Found great relieke by this in preſent wo,
Who ſtriuing long thus tamed their fleſh at laſt,
And ouerthrew by this their deadly foe,
Whyle as forbearing meate and ſinne withall,
With feruent prayer on God they vſed to call.

The ſhip of ſafegard.

A vertue great is abſtinence no dout.
Of euerie man to be eſteemed much,
A helping hand to them that goe about,
The ſacred ſkies with heauenly minde to touch,
No better fence to keepe the deuill out,
No greater force, no ayde nor ſuccor ſuch,
Phiſitions count it Natures chiefeſt frende,
And God himſelfe doth highly it commende.

Beare of therefore and come not neare the place,
That all embrued with Gluttons bloud doth lie,
Whoſe ſoules in hell in miſerable caſe,
With piteous plaint and howling noyſe doe crie,
Lamenting ſore their former lacke of grace,
While here they led their life licenciouſly.
When as thou haſt eſcaped this ieoperdie,
Before thy face againe thou ſhalt deſcrie

A gorgeous Ile, an earthly paradyſe,
Wherein there wants no kinde of pleaſant ſight,
No gliſtring ſhow, nor coſtly fine deuyce,
That may encreaſe the trauailers delight,
All garniſht round with things of greateſt pryce,
The ſight whereof reuiues the gaſers ſpryte,
Doth pleaſe the eye, and doth allure the minde
Of men that thinke ſafe harbour there to finde.

Of compaſſe large, and full of beautie faire,
The ſightly ſhow doth lie before thy face,
Which ſeemes as Nature there had ſet hir chaire,
And choſen that hir happie reſting place,
From whence there comes a ſweete and pleaſant aire,
That farre ſurmounts the Amber Grece in grace,
With muſicke ſweete and pleaſant heauenly ſound,
That round about doth in the aire reſound.

The ſhip of ſafegard.

The Cliues are hie, and all of Chryſtall ſhine,
Vpon the top whereof in order growes,
Hie hautie trees with maieſtie deuine,
That gliſtring greene farre of in ſhadowes ſhowes,
There ſtately ſtands the loftie Lordlye Pine,
With Ceders placed and Firre trees ſet in rowes,
Thick groues of Myrtels comly to be ſeene,
With couerts cloſe of pleaſant Laurell greene.

Beyond theſe ſame are mountaines riſing hie,
Clad round about with trees of diuerſe kinde,
That placed in order much delight the eie,
And thither draw the saylers wandring minde,
who thinke they ſee theſe hilles to touch the ſkie,
In vewe whereof they pleaſure great doe finde,
There round about in euerie place below,
Faire purple Roſes ioynde with Jaſmins grow.

In euerie place may beautie there be ſeene,
In euerie place is pleaſure for the eie,
Throughout the woods and pleaſant forreſts greene,
Great flocks of birdes of euerie ſort doe flie,
Of colours ſtraunge and ſeldome to be ſeene,
That ſit and ſing vpon the braunches hie,
With curious note and ſkilfull melodie,
Agreeing all in perfite harmonie.

No lothſome ſight doth any where appeare,
No thing diſordred any kinde of waye,
But all things ſhining there with beautie cleare,
Alluring vnto pleaſure and to playe,
That they that once doe chaunce to trauaile neare,
Haue neuer minde to come from thence awaye,
Such pleaſure ſtreight they doe conceyue in minde,
As no where elſe ſaue there they thinke to finde.

And

And round about in euerie place they meete,
With ſhalls of Mermayds ſwimming here and there,
Whoſe beautie great and pleaſant ſinging ſweete,
So daunts the eyes and eares of them that heare,
That maruaile is it if they hold their feete,
From flying ouer to that luſtie cheare,
Their beautie is ſuch, their voyce doth ſo delight,
That with their tongues they conquer euerie wight.

Such is the force of this their melodie,
That long time ſince and many yeares ago,
The wiſe Vlyſſes when he paſſed bie,
Being toſſed on ſeas and beaten to and fro,
Deſirous for to heare this harmonie,
And to eſcape the daunger and the wo,
Stopped vp his ſeruants eares with waxe, and faſt
Cauſed them to binde himſelfe vnto the Maſt.

Thus ſayling forward neere this pleaſant place,
With wiſhed windes and all thing ſeruing meete,
Theſe Mermaydes faire appeared before his face,
With ſhining countnance and voyces paſſing ſweete,
There ſundrie ſongs they ſong with comly grace,
And with their ditties diuers did him greete,
Their ſweete accord and paſſing princely ſound,
Did from the waues vnto the ſkies rebound.

Which ſound when as Vlyſſes ſtreight did heare,
Could not reſtraine the affections of his minde,
But lowde he calles with griefe and troubled cheare,
And willes his men with haſte him to vnbinde,
Thus calling out and crying neuer the neare,
He wreſts and wries all meanes he may to finde
To vnloſe himſelfe, and ſtriuing all in vayne,
He beates his head againſt the Maſt amayne.

His

His wiſdome great, could not his fancie guide,
Ne rule his minde, nor bridle his delight,
But if at libertie he had bene then buried,
He would haue lept amid that pleaſant ſight,
And felt the fruites of pleaſure at that tide,
Though it had coſt him the loſing of his ſpite,
But being faſt bound he could not haue his minde,
Till ſayling paſt it was to farre behinde.

From top of one of theſe ſame mountaines hie,
That in this Iland loftily do looke,
A riuer guſheth downe continuallie,
That through the valleys here and there doe crooke,
Which ſeemeth pleaſant to the ſaylers eie,
That often coucts to enter vp the brooke,
Suppoſing there to finde their full delight,
Of all this gaye and gorgeous gliſtring ſight.

Which riuer while they paſſe, on euerie ſide,
Walke Damſels faire with beautie paſſing braue,
Amid the Medes with ſundrie colours dide,
Of flowers freſh that fragrant odors haue,
Wherof fine garlands about their heads are tide,
Theſe oftentimes with wanton geſture waue
The paſſengers, alluring them to land,
With countnance ſweete and becke of pleaſant hand.

Not farre from thence vppon a ſtately roche,
Is placed ſtrong, a ſumptuous tower hie,
That doth amaſe the mindes that neare approche,
With beautie great that gliſters in the eie,
The ſtately wall doth ſet their hart a broche,
And makes them in their courſe with haſte to hie,
Who hoyſe and hale with all the force they haue,
To run themſelues vpon this pleaſure braue.

The ſhip of ſafegard.

For as the walles doe gliſter all of golde,
So are the windowes all with Chryſtall glaſed,
Whence looking out the ſea men may beholde,
Such ſundrie ſhapes as makes them all amaſed.
And makes them curſe the time a thouſand folde,
That euer vpon ſuch beautie bright they gaſed,
For in the end as many as there doe light,
Tormented are in miſerable plight.

Firſt taken out from out their ſhips they bee,
And ſtripped quite from all their owne aray,
And blindfeld cloſe, ſo that they can not ſee,
Away from thence theſe Damſels them conuay,
Vnto this pyle and tower of ſouereigntie,
Which ſeemed late to them ſo ſweete a play,
Vpon whoſe gates is written thus in ſight,
The reſting place of fleſhly fond delight.

Here are they brought before this ſumptuous Queene,
Who guider is and ruler of this Ile,
Who when ſhe hath theſe wretched caytifes ſeene,
At whom with ioye ſhe ſcornfully doth ſmile,
With cruell minde and voyde of mercie cleene,
Condemnes them all to paines and torments vile,
And ſundrie ſentence giues on euerie one,
As ſeemeth beſt vnto hir ſelfe alone.

Some are condemned, their eyes ſet open wide,
Vpon the colde and ſtonie ground to lie,
With monſtrous chaines and heauie ſhakles tide,
Both day and night to ſtare continuallie
Vpon the beautie that is them denide,
And call for helpe vnto their enimie,
Who pleaſure takes and ioyeth at the hart,
To ſee their cruell torment and their ſmart.

Some

Some others caried forth into the wood,
with chaines are tied and faſtned to the trees,
Their harts all bare and dropping downe with blood,
Their hands held vp and kneling on their knees,
Are torne with Kites and Pies and Rauens wood,
That neuer time from feeding there doe leeſe,
But griping ſtill the poore afflicted hart,
Continually augment their paine and ſmart.

Another ſort faſt in that order tide,
with torments great and miſerable paine,
Againſt their harts a wounde made open wide,
wherein is thruſt the creature almoſt ſlaine,
Hote burning coales that readie lie beſide,
which kindle ſtreight about the hart amaine,
The wound cloſde vp they flame continually,
And ſecret burne vntill the time he die.

Some ſort againe by charmes enchaunted ſtraight,
Forgo their ſhapes, to beaſts tranſformed quight,
Wherein vpon that Queene they ſtill doe waight,
Somtime like Swine, and Aſſes oft in ſight,
Somtime like Buls or Beares that dogs doe bayte,
Somtime like Lions and Tigers fierce in fight,
Such force hath fleſhly pleaſure in this Ile,
To alter thoſe whom ſhe doth thus beguile.

Yet notwithſtanding continually they ſtriue
The ſaylers by, who firſt may come a land,
with all their ſayles clapped on apace they driue,
And haue no feare of any ſhore or ſand,
But while they trauaile on theſe ſeas aliue,
From foule delight they neuer turne their hand,
But forward ſayle with greedie luſting minde,
Till torments due to their deſerts they finde.

Alaſſe

The ſhip of ſafegard.

Alaſſe how great and worthie a companie,
Haue here bene loſt and clearely caſt away,
Whoſe wits deuine of worthie memorie,
Are talked of yet vntill this preſent daye,
Who had eſcaped ech other miſerie,
If on this ſame they had not run aſtraye,
Their vertues rare had alwayes gliſtred bright,
If that they could haue ſhunned this foule delight.

The mightie Hercules that liued long ago,
Whoſe worthy actes deſerue immortall fame,
Who ſpent his dayes in anguiſh and in wo,
Not bent to pleaſure, nor giuen vnto game,
But following vertue for which he trauayde ſo,
That ſtill he ſhunned eche thing that longde to ſhame,
Could not eſcape this dreadfull daungerous place,
But loſt himſelfe thereon in piteous caſe.

The ſubtill wit and iudgement aye profound,
That painted vertue liuely to the eie,
Who ſhewed the harmes and hurts of vice vnſound,
And opned plaine the place whereas they lie,
The ſelfe ſame man that once ſuch fauor found,
Of Delphos that he gat the ſoueraintie,
For wit and vertue paſſing euerie man,
Vpon this Ile yet wretchedly he ran.

A thouſand ſuch in ſtories olde we finde,
Of ſundry like our ſacred volumes tell,
That ran amiſſe vpon this fancie blinde,
For lacke of good aduiſe and guiding well,
Yea though they wholy did applie their minde
To euerie vertue, yet on this vice they fell,
Example he with Aries wife that lay,
And eke his ſonne that further ran aſtray.

Amongſt

The ſhip of ſafegard.

Amongſt the daungers of theſe harmfull ſeas,
No daunger like to this there comes in ſight,
That more doth worke the paſſengers diſeaſe,
Or driues them more to ſhewe their force and might,
Nor no men more the almighty Lord diſpleaſe,
Than theſe that happen on this place to light,
Wherefore we ought with heede and carefull eie,
Farre off from hence with might and maine to flie.

And often wey the myſchiefe that will ryſe,
If that we leaue our happy courſe to keepe,
For vaine delight that here deludes the eyes,
And bringeth men in reſtleſſe reſt a ſleepe,
Nay rather let vs theſe flattring ſhowes deſpyſe,
And ſeeke to ſcape this guile of daunger deepe,
Which for a litle triſling pleaſure vaine,
Doth bring vs vnto euerlaſting paine.

Direct thy ſhip and courſe another way,
And ſtill remember how happie they ſhall bee,
That haue not ſaine vpon this Ile aſtray,
Where fleſhly ioyes and fooliſh fancies bee,
But for themſelues with all their might aſſay,
To finde the port of true felicitie,
Eſchewing euerie ſtorme and troubleſome winde,
That blowes contrarie to their vertuous minde.

And wey the paines and torments they ſhall haue,
That giue themſelues to follow foule delight,
And breake the lawes that God to all men gaue,
How they ſhall wayle and howle in piteous plight,
When that their carcaſſe comth once to graue,
Their ſinfull bodie ſeuered from their ſpryte,
Which ſpryte ſhall neuer feele releaſe of paine,
As long as God doth in the heauens raigne.

Though

Though that the motions of the fleſh be much,
And though that nature herein beare ſome ſway,
Yet ought the force of reaſon to be ſuch
In man, as well may put ſuch toyes away,
The minde deuine muſt neuer ſo baſely touch,
Such things vnpure as may be hir decay,
But mount aloft with wings vnto the ſkies,
Where perfite ioy and perfite pleaſure lies.

For earthly ioyes and fancies are vnmeete,
For ſuch as God appointes with him to liue,
Who ought to abandon all ſuch pleaſures ſweete,
As vſe wherof may them offend or grieue,
And take good heede whereas they ſet their fete,
Not euerie ſhow, nor euerie path beleeue,
But only walke in that appointed way,
That God himſelfe before their eies doth lay.

And flie the pathes, though that they pleaſant ſeeme,
That he hath here forbidden to be trode,
And caſt away all fonde affections cleene,
The weight whereof the ſoule ſo ſore doth lode,
That languiſhing vpon the earth with teene,
Conſtrained is it there to make abode,
And neuer can aſpire vnto the ſkie,
For heauie weight that doth vpon it lie.

And as Vlyſſes paſſing by this place,
where Mermayds flocke, whereof we ſpake before,
Whoſe ſugred ſongs with ſweete and louely face,
Did ſeeke to traine him to that deadly ſhore,
Did giue himſelfe with wiſe and heauenly grace,
For to withſtand this lewd and flattring lore,
Compeilde his men to binde him to the Maſt,
Whereby with ſpeede this daunger great he paſt.

So in theſe ſeas of pleaſures leaſt we quaile,
We ought to binde our wills to reaſon ſtrong,
As to the Maſt that beares our chickeſt ſaile,
That guides vs beſt thorowout this iourney long,
So ſhall not all theſe flattring ſhowes preuaile,
So ſhall we ſcape this poyſned deadly ſong,
That hath bewitched ſo many vertuous cares,
And brought them vnto torments and to teares.

But if there doe ſuch puniſhment remaine
For thoſe which while they vertuous ſeeke to bee,
Doe fall into this lake of pleaſures vaine,
Whereby they come to greateſt miſerie,
Condemned vnto euerlaſting paine,
Where gaſtly ſhapes and helliſh ſightes they ſee,
Shut out for euer from that beautie bright,
That farre ſurmounts eche other kinde of ſight.

If thoſe I ſay, ſuch torments haue to taſte,
What plagues are due vnto that ſinfull ſort,
That both with minde and beaſtly tongue vnchaſte,
Of lothſome vice doe make a play and ſport,
And where they ought not ſpende a word in waſte,
Their ſhameleſſe mouths whereſoeuer they doe reſort,
Doth vtter out the filthieſt words they can,
Without reſpect of eyther God or man.

Contenting not themſelues with wretched deedes,
Alone to paſſe away their ſinfull race,
But with ſuch wordes as filthily proceedes,
From out their hearts defiling euerie place,
With lothſome ſhowe as ſtinking noyſome weedes,
That freſheſt flower in gardens doth deface,
So doe theſe beaſts with tongue and talke vncleene,
Defile eche thing that faireſt may be ſeene.

With beaſtly wordes that all of baudrie ſound,
Theſe Raſcals vile themſelues doe moſt delight,
Corrupting mindes that otherwiſe were ſound,
With ſpeach vnpure, and wanton geſture light,
Wherein they are ſkilde as in their arte profound,
Whoſe tongues doe teach their vile vnſauerie ſpite,
Their ſhameleſſe tongues while as their acts they tell,
Doth cauſe to bluſh the deuill himſelfe in hell.

Moſt wretched creatures ye lead your liues with ſhame,
And die like beaſts in miſerable plight,
The paynes of hell is ende of all your game,
Eche damned ſoule ſhall feele his torment light,
While as they lie in neuer ceaſing flame,
Reſpecting yours who for your foule delight,
Farre paſſe them all in torments and in paine,
This is your end and your aſſured gaine.

Let this ſuffice to giue thee warning here,
That ſayleſt neere this lewde and daungerous place,
Though that the beautie faire at firſt appere,
Thou ſeeſt the ende how that in wretched caſe,
They plagued are and buie their pleaſure deare,
Regarde thy ſelfe and ſeeke for better grace,
And ſtay not gasing, nor venter thou to neare,
It is not good with daungers for to play,
Leaue off betimes and sayle another way.

And take good heede, for ſtraight before thy face,
Amid theſe ſeas another daunger lies,
That bearing vp his head a little ſpace,
Aboue the water, oft deceiues the eyes,
Vpon the which haue died in wretched caſe,
A number great of men accounted wiſe,
The ſhow is ſmall that doth appeare a hie,
The chiefeſt daunger doth vnder water lie.

The top whereof is ſmoothly poliſhed,
And doth not threaten hasard with the ſhow,
By which haue many Mariners bene led,
To trauaile neare the state thereof to know,
Who with their ſhips vilfauordly haue ſped,
While as their Keeles haue toucht the rocke below.
And all to torne a pieces forced to flie,
Their maiſters ſprawling on the ſurges hie.

The luſtieſt Mariners haue bene drowned heare,
Whose Barkes haue borne the braueſt port on seas,
For luſty ſhow and ſtomacks voyd of feare,
While as they sayled which way them beſt did pleaſe,
Who counsayle none, nor no aduiſe would heare,
For warning good did euer them diſpleaſe,
Still truſting to their owne deceyued wit,
From whose aduiſe they would not ſtirre a whit.

Ne cast they here themſelues away alone,
But cause great number more their course to miſſe,
Perſwading them that neare vnto this ſtone,
Doth lie the way to euerlasting bliſſe,
Aſſuring them that daunger there is none,
And that themſelues are well assured of this,
By which vaine words they cause the ſimple men,
To cast away themſelues by following them.

This daungerous place that hath so many loſt
And thus beguiled, is called Hereſie,
A hurtfull place, a moſt pernicious coſt,
A woefull rocke, a wretched ieoperdie,
Which oft hath hurt and quite conſumed almoſt
The Nauie faire of Chriſtianitie,
Which gorgeous fleete had long time ſince bene drent,
If mightie Ioue had not them ſuccour ſent.

Who pitying them of his accuſtomed grace,
When as they were with ſtormes and tempeſts toſt,
And euen at point to fall vpon this place,
Where as they had bene altogither loſt,
Lamenting as it were their wretched caſe,
To ſee them die that him ſo dearely coſt,
Rebuked the winds, and tooke the helme in hand,
And brought them ſafe vnto the aſſured land.

A happie guide in theſe ſo dreadfull ſeas,
Whoſe bleſſed aide if all men earſt had ſought,
With humble minde in ſeeking him to pleaſe,
And letting all their owne deuiſe at nought,
They had not purchaſed thus their owne diſeaſe,
Nor wretchedly themſelues to miſchiefe brought,
Ne had they left behind them ſuch a fame,
As hitherto the world reſound with ſhame.

Cherinthus had not caſt himſelfe awaye,
Vpon this rocke in miſerable plight,
Nor Eutyches had paſſed this wretched way,
If ſeruing God had bene his chiefe delight,
Donatus had not layed here aſtray,
Nectorius had not on this miſchiefe light,
Nor Arrius with his Arrians here had bide,
Nor all the ſwarme of Manicheys beſide.

With thouſands more that here I loth to name,
Who might haue ſcaped this dredfull place full well,
That brought them vnto euerlaſting ſhame,
And threw them headlong to the pit of hell,
Whereas they waile in neuer ceaſſing flame,
And for their ſinnes continually doe yell,
If that they had ſought this ſafe aſſured aide,
And vnto him for helpe had alwayes praide.

The ſhip of ſafegard.

Take thou good heede that trauaileſt hereby,
Leaſt that thou falleſt vpon this hurtfull place,
Beware of ſchiſme, beware of hereſie,
And pray to God continually for grace,
That he may keepe thee from this miſerie,
And bring thee ſafe vnto the reſting place,
In giuing thee a quicke and watchfull eie,
whereby thou mayſt ſuch couert daungers flie.

Looke well about and truſt not euerie ſpirite,
That ſeemes to teach the ſafe aſſured waye,
Be well aſſured he teach the way aright,
Or walke not thou elſe after him aſtraye,
The deuill himſelfe can ſeeme an angell bright,
The ſimple ſoule the eaſlier to betraye.
But Chriſt hath left you here his ſcriptures plaine,
A touchſtone true to trie religion vaine.

By theſe examine euerie prating ſpirite,
By theſe go trie what vnto thee is tought,
Let theſe be iudge who teacheth wrong or right,
Let theſe diſcerne the good things from the nought,
Of theſe in darkeneſſe borrow all the light,
Of theſe ſtill let thy wauering minde be tought,
So ſhalt thou well be able thy ſelfe to trie,
Where ſhadowes falſe, and where deceit doth lie.

Beleue not thoſe ſame ſlaundrous mouthes vntrue,
Who make report how that the bookes deuine,
Corrupted are with falſe tranſlations newe,
Of only malice theſe enuious beaſts repyne,
They ſee the ſpirite of God will them ſubdue,
That in theſe ſacred letters bright doth ſhine,
And therefore for to bring them in contempt,
Theſe ſlaundrous lyes maliciouſly they inuent.

As

As he that late ſuch needleſſe paines did take,
In culling out the faults he could eſpie,
Of euerie tittell ſtraight accompt doth make,
In noting where he thinkes they run awrie,
And as he thought profoundly thereof ſpake,
But if thou ſhalt his worthy iudgement trie,
Thou well ſhalt ſee his fonde and fooliſh braine
Hath taken all his trauaile here in vaine.

Beſide, another marke there is to know
Theſe wretched ſprites that leades men thus to hell,
Though clad in pelts of ſheepe they ſimple ſhow,
And many tales of God and heauen tell,
yet malice doth their mindes ſo ouerflow,
That all things can they not diſſemble well,
Their bloudie teeth doth ſtill appeare in ſight,
Wherewith like Wolues continually they fight.

Example one amongſt a number more
Let Arrius be, who whilſt he here did raigne,
Of torments great and tortures had in ſtore,
Wherewith he put true Chriſtians ſtill to paine,
With ſundrie deaths not heard off oft before,
And griefes that newly ſprang from cruell braine,
As ſplintars ſharpe of reedes which ſore did pricke,
That in their fingers twixt nayle and fleſh did sticke.

That diueliſh minde that reigneth now in hell,
Doth ſtill enuy the happie ſtate of man,
And ſince the time that firſt to earth he fell,
Doth labour ſtill by all the meanes he can,
To cauſe them all in paines with him to dwell,
Whoſe curſed children as their ſire began,
Continue ſtill with rancour and with heate,
To perſecute that happie heauenly ſeate,

Chryſoſtome he that long agoe hath tride
Theſe brittell ſeas and ſearched euerie place,
Who had good proofe of euerie winde and tide,
And well could ſayle to finde the port of grace,
Declared which way theſe people might be ſpide,
That thus deceyue in miſerable caſe,
And gaue plaine token how we well ſhould know
Theſe Barks of ſchiſme that on theſe ſeas doe row.

Did euer yet, ſayth he, the ſimple ſheepe
With bloudy mouth the greedie wolfe purſue?
Not once: But rauening wolues doe neuer ſleepe
From hunting them. So Cain poore Abell ſlew,
Not Abell him, ſo Iſmaell Iſaac true
Did perſecute, not Iſaac him. The Iewe
Thus troubled Chriſt, and heretikes alway
True Chriſtians killde, their fruits doth them bewray.

Thus plainly doth this ſkilfull father olde
Conclude, that ſuch as beare ſuch hatefull minde,
Againſt the flocke, and happie harmleſſe folde
Of Chriſt, ſtill following them with malice blinde.
To be the wolues, of whom our Sauiour tolde,
And heretikes of moſt pernitious kinde,
The Wolfe by rauening euermore is tride,
The Heretike by cruell minde is ſpide.

Then ſince thou mayſt full well diſcerne this yll,
Sayle farre from thence and ſteare aduiſedly,
And guide thy ſelfe by good and carefull ſkill,
So ſhalt thou miſſe this fearefull ieoperdie,
Giue not the reines nor bridle vnto will,
But make it ſubiect to the motions hie,
So ſhalt thou ſaue thy ſelfe from daunger great,
And ſooner finde the happie reſting ſeat.

yet once againe thou needeſt to take good heede,
For hereabouts an Iland faire doth lie,
That to the saylers miſchiefe great doth breede,
That flames farre off like Phebus in the ſkie,
Which gliſtring ſight the gasers minde doth feede,
And doth allure them for to trauaile nie,
Perſwading them ſome worthie ſight is there,
That ſo encompaſt is with ſhining clere.

In euerie place here Pyramides do riſe,
With coſtly ſtones compact of gorgeous ſhow,
Whoſe ſtately tops doe ſeeme to touch the ſkies,
The baſes ſquare are framed faire below,
With ſuch proportions as pleaſeth beſt the eies,
In order placed, and ſtanding row by row,
Adourned braue with torches flaming bright,
That ſeeme to ſpoyle the day it ſelfe of light.

A thouſand altars garniſhed here doe ſtande,
With cloth of golde and Purple paſſing faire,
And fiers burning hie on euerie hande,
Where Incenſe caſt doth cauſe a pleaſant aire,
Which ſmelling ſweete a great way from the lande,
Doth cauſe a number thither to repaire,
On euerie altar Images appere,
Of ſundrie Gods that people worſhip there.

There Saturne ſtands with enuious countnance ſad,
Ino next to him hath Iupiter his place,
And Venus ſmiling faire with beautie glad,
And fuming Mars with hote and fierie face,
Apollo there with gliſtering beames is clad,
And Dian with hir ſiluer ſhining grace,
Swift Mercurie amongſt them here doth ſtande,
With flickring wings and golden rod in hande.

Great

Great Bacchus here is placed with maieſtie,
And neare to him Dame Ceres may be ſeene,
And Proſerpine that low beneath doth lie,
And Iuno once of heauen counted Queene,
And Berecynthya mother of the ſkie,
With Flora clad in luſtie youthfull greene,
Here Caſtor ioynd with Pollux faire doth ſtand,
And Eſculapius with his ſnakes in hand.

On other aultars ioyning thereto neare,
A number great of pictures placed bee,
That monſtrous to the lookers on appeare,
As one that portred is with faces three,
An other killing dragons with a ſpeare,
Another holding in his hand a tree,
And wading ouer riuers eaſilie,
With monſtrous legs and ſhoulders ſhamefull hie.

But moſt of all that makes men there to muſe,
There ſtandes a ſaint in ſtraunge diſguiſed ſort,
To take it for a man or woman you may chuſe,
For of them both it ſeemes to beare a port,
Arayed in gownes as women moſt do vſe,
A Lettice cap it weares and beарde not ſhort,
And thus diſguiſed in ſtraunge and maſking Cotes,
Eſteemes no other offring here than Otes.

A number great of ſuch ſtraunge pictures vaine,
Here mayſt thou ſee, of whom I liſt not tell,
That vnto Prieſts haue alwayes bene a gaine,
And led ſuch as them worſhipped vnto hell,
The Meſchyts here of Mahomet remaine,
And all his ſaints to whom the Turke doth yell,
As Manus and Hedichaſis, that victorie doth bring,
With Mircſchinus and Aſcichum & Chidirell the king.

Before

The ſhip of ſafegard.

Before ech Image ſtand Tapers burning bright,
And odors ſweets doe fume continually,
The people kneeling round about in ſight,
With hands helde vp and voyces lowde doe crie,
Eche one complayning of his wretched plight,
And ſeking there redreſſe of myſerie.
Doe call vpon their goddes with feruent minde,
Supposing thus a perfite helpe to finde.

This daungerous place is called Idolatrie,
whereon are loſt the Turkes and Paganes all,
That hither faſt in monſtrous flocks doe flie,
Not fearing miſchiefe that may them befall,
And numbers great of Chriſtians here doe die,
That leauing Chriſt on Idols faſt doe call,
With great deſpite vnto the almightie king,
That this deteſts aboue all other thing.

For nothing doth ſo much the minde offende,
Of that moſt ſacred maieſtie deuine,
Nor nothing makes him more his plagues to ſend,
Than when he ſees his ſeruants to decline
From ſeruing him to ſeeke another frende,
And ſetting vp an Idoll in his ſhrine,
This more doth him diſpleaſe aſſuredly,
Than any whoredome, theft or robbery.

Him liketh to be worſhipped alone,
With earneſt minde and with vnfeyned hart,
Who worſhips him muſt worſhip others none,
It is not meete for any to giue part,
Of honor due to him, vnto a ſtone,
For who ſo doth is like in the ende to ſmart,
In feeling paines and torments to them due,
That worſhip falſe and fained Gods vntrue.

This

This only cauſe did make him oft forſake
His choſen flocke the auncient Iſraelites,
Who though with mouth he often to them ſpake,
Appointing to them ſacred lawes and rites,
yet euermore his ordinances they brake,
And worſhipped ſundrie falſe and lying ſpyites,
In euerie groue, on euerie woode and hill,
They Idols placed contrarie to his will.

For which he often gaue them ouer quite,
Into the hands of cruell enimies,
who delt with them in miſerable plight,
Still vexing them with terror and with tyrannies,
Of ech man vſed with foule and great deſpite,
Compelde to ſuffer thouſand kinds of cruelties,
Accounted ſlaues and abiects clearely loſt,
That earſt of all men were eſteemed moſt.

For this poore Chriſtians often times haue felt,
The vſage vile, and force of Turkiſh hands,
That many yeares haue fowly with them delt,
Depriuing them of children, wife and lands,
Since firſt the ſeruice of Idols out they ſmelt,
Which brought them to captiuitie and bands,
Decayed their vertues, and loſt their auncient fame,
And made them to the world an open ſhame.

Therefore beware, and ſhun this filthie place,
Let Paule thy Pilot be vpon theſe ſeas,
who ſayth Idolators ſhall neuer ſee the face
Of God, nor finde the ioyfull port of eaſe,
For Idoll ſeruers are quite depriued of grace,
And by no meanes the almightie Lord can pleaſe,
Such kinde of ſeruants only he deſires,
As ſeeke to ſerue him as himſelfe requires.

All other ſeruice he eſteemeth as vaine,
And moſt he hates ſuch fond religion blinde,
As is deuiſed by dreame of fooliſh braine,
That worſhip only doth delight his minde,
That he himſelfe hath taught in ſcriptures plaine,
To this his ſeruants doth he ſtraightly binde,
He ſuffers them to honor this or that,
But plainly hath himſelfe appointed what.

Serue thou him therefore as he liketh beſt,
With all thy hart, with all thy minde him loue,
Let him be hieſt alwayes in thy breſt,
Take heede that none be placed him aboue,
Eſteeme no creature ſo aboue the reſt,
That loue thereof ſhall him from thee remoue,
For that beſide is foule Idolatrie,
To loue a worldly thing exceſſiuelie.

Not only Imageſeruers haue the name,
Of blinde Idolatours, but euerie ſuch,
That inwardly with feruent loue doth flame,
Eſteeming fading fancies here to much,
Preferring them before all feare or ſhame,
As thoſe whoſe minds the loue of God doth teach,
Or beautie faire of ſome excelling dame,
Theſe kinde of loues when in the hart they lie,
Are foulеſt kindes of vile Idolatrie.

Farre of from this ſee therfore that thou flie,
If that thou meanſt the hauen faire to finde,
For who ſo toucheth on this ſame ſhall die,
In ſuffring ſhipwracke through his follie blinde,
Refuſe this courſe, and ſayle forth happily,
Keepe well the ioyfull hauen ſtill in minde,
Whoſe pleaſures great ſhall fully thee reward,
For all thy paines and all thy trauailes hard.

Another daunger lies there in thy way,
That ſeemeth good and ſafe vnto the eie,
Whereat a number great of ſhips doe ſtay,
That here are loſt or put in ieoperdie,
With colour falſe of good it doth betray,
And cloked faire doth cauſe men trauaile hie,
And moſt allures ſuch men as ſeeke for fame,
Hypocriſie this miſchiefe hath to name.

A rocke but ſoft and ſimple to the eie,
That pleaſeth much the minde of worldlye ſight,
Whereas diſceyte doth cloſely couered lie.
Which hindreth men from trauailing aright,
The place is large and riſeth ſome thing hie,
Vpon the top whereof in open ſight,
There ſtands an Image couered all of ſtone,
That there was placed many yeares agone.

Which Image here I would deſcribe to thee,
But that long ſince it hath bene painted plaine
By learned Chaucer that gem of Poetrie,
Who paſſed the reach of any Engliſh braine,
A follie therefore were it here for me,
To touch that he with pencell once did ſtaine,
Take here therefore what he therof doth ſay,
Writ in the Romance of his Roſes gaye.

¶ Another thing was done their write,
That ſeemed like an Hypocrite,
And it was cleped Pope holye,
That ill is ſhe that priuilye,
Ne ſpareth neuer a wicked deede,
When men of hir taken none heede,
And maketh hir outward precious,
With pale viſage and pituous.
And ſeemeth a ſimple creature,

But

But there nis no miſaduenture,
That ſhe ne thinketh in hir courage,
Full like to hir was thilke Image,
That maked was byt hir ſemblance,
She was full ſimple of countnance,
And ſhe was clothed and eke ſhod,
As ſhe were foꝛ the loue of God,
youlden to religion,
Such ſeemed hir deuotion,
A Pſalter helde ſhe faſt in hande,
And buſily ſhe gan to fonde,
To make many a faint pꝛaꝛer
To God and to his ſaints deare,
Ne ſhe was gaye, freſh noꝛ iolliſſe,
But ſeemd to be full intentiſſe
To good woꝛkes and to faire,
And thereto ſhe had on a haire,
Ne certes ſhe was fat nothing,
But ſeemed werie foꝛ faſting,
Of colour pale and dead was ſhee,
From hir the gates aye warned bee,
Of Paradyſe the bliſſfull place,
Foꝛ ſuch folke maken leane their grace,
As Chꝛiſt ſayth in his Euangile,
To get their pꝛice in towne a while,
And foꝛ a little glozie vaine,
They leſen God and eke his raigne.

Thus hath the golden pen of Chaucer olde,
The Image plaine deſcriued to the eie,
who paſſing by long ſince did it beholde,
And tooke a note therof aduiſedly,
Vnto his fellowes of that age it tolde,
And left it eke foꝛ his poſteritie,
That ech man paſſing by might plainly know,
The perfite ſubſtance of that flattring ſhow.

An

An ennie great vnto the Chriſtian fleete,
Is this foule rocke of falſe Hypocriſie,
That vs depriueth of the pleaſure ſweete.
And brings our ſoules to greateſt miſerie,
A lothſome vice, a wretched crime vnmeete
For men profeſſing Chriſtianitie,
Eſchew it then and farre off from it flie,
Let not ſuch blinde affections bleare thy eie.

Seeke rather good to be, than good to ſeeme,
Seeke ſo to liue as thou doeſt here profeſſe,
So ſhall both God and man thee beſt eſteeme,
So ſhalt thou perfite Chriſtian life expreſſe,
What good doth it when men thee godly deeme,
And thou thy ſelfe art full of wickedneſſe,
Although thou mayſt diſſemble for a while,
Yet canſt thou not no long time God beguile.

His eie doth ſtill diſcerne thy inward thought,
Thy ſecret dealings well he doth beholde,
And all thy deedes in huckermucker wrought,
At length before the world he ſhall vnfolde,
To what a miſerie ſhalt thou then be brought,
When all thy faults ſhall openly be tolde,
When all thy filthie vices there ſhall ſmoke,
That here were hidden vnder godly cloke?

Chriſt hath vs taught for to abhorre this crime,
When as he curſed the Scribes and Phariſies,
Who ſeemde the godlieſt liuers at that time,
All garniſhed outward with Hypocriſies,
As though they daily ſtaffe by ſtaffe did clime,
By godly life vnto the hautie ſkies,
Whereas their harts were full of helliſh ſpites,
And they themſelues moſt curſed Hypocrites.

The ſhip of ſafegard.

O what a number at this preſent day,
Doe ſwarme in euerie towne, in euerie place,
That God be thanked, and God be praiſed can ſay,
With geſture mylde and feyned godly grace,
Who crouching low before men faſt can pray,
As if that God himſelfe ſhould ſtand in place,
And yet for all this ſhow for all this goodly geare,
Diſceitfull knaues at length they doe appeare.

Beguiling men that put in them their truſt,
Oppreſſing poore men by ſtraunge and ſundrie wayes
Without all conſcience, in word nor deede found iuſt,
Yet would they ſeeme as though they God did prayſe,
In ſeruing him according to his luſt,
Where as in deede theſe curſed Caſtawayes,
Doe neuer worſhip any God in minde,
But alwayes ſerue their owne affections blinde.

O ſinfull beaſts what meane you thus to deale,
Thus couertly before the face of God,
Be well aſſured you can not long conceale,
Be well aſſured you can not ſcape his rod,
Your wretched deedes in time he ſhall reueale,
Your ſinfull life ſhall once be blaſde abrode,
Your maſking garments that you ſo long haue worne,
Shall all be rent, and from your ſhoulders torne.

Your painted viſard ſhall be plucked away,
Wherewith ſo many here you did deceaue,
And all your curious counterfet aray,
You ſhalbe forced againſt your will to leaue,
The Purple garments wherein you long did playe,
By which your honour here you did receaue,
Shall off be plucked, and all thinggs elſe beſide,
And then the bare arſed Ape ſhall plainly be ſpide.

The ſhip of ſafegard.

Saylethou not neare this wretched curſed place,
That ſeekeſt the happie hauen for to finde,
Crie out to God and call for better grace,
Commit thy ſayles vnto a better winde,
Eſchew the looks of falſe diſſembling face,
Vſe vertue alwayes with vnfained minde,
So ſhalt thou ſooner finde the port of bliſſe,
That curſed Hypocrites aſſuredly ſhall miſſe.

Now veer thy ſheates, hale vp thy Wainſayle hie,
Aduaunce thy tops, hang out thy flags abroade,
The greateſt daunger haſt thou trauailde by,
And neare thou art vnto the happie roade,
The other perils that in the way doe lie,
May well be paſſed, and well be ouertrode,
For none do periſh heare in any place,
But ſuch as are both voide of wit and grace.

Caſt feare away, and take a luſtie hart,
Reuiue thy ſpirites with gladneſſe and with ioy,
Cheare vp thy minde, and comfort euerie part,
Remoue ech griefe that may thy ſenſe anoy,
For neare vnto the hauen now thou art,
where pleaſure dwelles and euerlaſting ioy,
Whereas thou ſhalt the almightie father ſee,
The ſpring and head of all felicitie.

Although theſe daungers that hereabout doe lie,
Doe neuer hurt the godly carefull minde,
yet for their ſafeties that here ſhall trauaile hie,
I briefly will declare their names and kinde,
That ſooner ſo they may ſuch miſchiefes flie,
Not running raſhly on theſe miſchiefes blinde,
But keeping ſtill the ſafe aſſured ſeas,
They ſooner may finde out the port of eaſe,

The

The firſt and worſt of theſe ſame daungers great,
Is blaſphemie, a foule and filthie crime,
Which barketh ſtill againſt the heauenly ſeat,
And moſt offends the maieſtie deuine,
With fearefull othes ſwornt out in furie great,
Of Reprobates the moſt aſſured ſigne,
The damned ſprites continually doe ſweare,
Without reſpect of any godly feare.

Next this hath carliſh crueltie the place,
A miſchiefe that doth helliſh mindes aſſayle,
With lothſome looke and foule and deadly face,
Whereon a number great of ſhips doe quayle,
That wanting gentle windes and voyde of grace,
To neare this dreadfull daunger haſtily ſayle,
Whereas they leeſe themſelues in wretched plight,
And neuer finde the bliſſfull hauen bright.

Then hatred ſhowes his hurtfull head aloft,
A hatefull harme, and hurtfull vnto many,
Which ouerthroweth the ſuttle ſayler oft,
And drowneth deepe the ſpitefull companie,
Who while they deeme the bed of malice ſoft,
Doe reſt themſelues vpon this miſerie,
Brought here a ſleepe with fonde malitious minde,
They neuer ſeeke the hauen faire to finde.

Here Murder all embrued with blood doth ſtand,
That giues vnto the eye a fearefull ſight,
On top whereof with ſhaking ſword in hand,
Is Furie placed, a foule deformed ſprite,
Who ſuffers none to attaine the happie land,
That once vpon this miſchiefe happes to light,
The Fiend himſelfe that guides the damned traine,
Firſt found this place and hither brings his traine.

The ſhip of ſafegard.

Hereby ſtands theft a foule and fooliſh pll,
That doth allure the greedie graceleſſe minde,
Traynde vp from youth in witleſſe wretched will,
And robberie, ſiſter to this vice by kinde,
May here be ſeene about hir ſwarming ſtill,
Theſe luſtie blouds that here will ſoner finde
A pound, than loſe a penie willingly,
Who riding here at oken ancour lye.

Not farre from thence ſtands ſinfull ſorcerie,
A miſchiefe feunded by the deuill firſt,
With charmes enchantments and aſtrologie,
The practiſers whereof are all accurſt,
And ioynd with this, ſtands infidelitie
Togither linked as of all other worſt,
The one thinkes all things by the ſtarres are donne,
The other that all at randon here doth ronne.

To this apace our learned maiſters hie,
That teach vs what ſhall happen yeare by yeare,
And what ſore plagues are threatned from the ſkie,
As famine, warres and other pituous geare,
Great learned Clarks and ſuch as ſeldome lie,
As by their worthy doings doth appeare,
Who faine would be eſteemed cunning men,
While as they ſteale the fruits of others pen.

Now laſt of all two daungers great appeare,
Betweene the which thou canſt not chooſe but run,
Therefore thou muſt looke circumſpectly here,
As other saylers heretofore haue done,
Saple iuſt betweene them both, ſayle not to neare
To any of them, for ſtrong the tide doth run,
And often driues the heedleſſe Barkes thereon,
That in the middle ſafely might haue gon.

The one of them with lofty looke doth riſe,
And ſeemes to touch the place where ſaints doe dwell,
All blacke the other lies before the eies,
The plateforme plaine and Image right of hell,
There ſhalt thou heare continuall ſhrikes and cries
Of damned ſoules that pitcouſly doe yell,
And lothſome ſhowes and ſhapes doth eke appeare,
Of curſed ſpyrites that houer here and there.

Preſumption hath the one of theſe to name,
That makes men like their doings here to well,
The other Deſperation full of blame,
That throwes men headlong to the pit of hell,
To miſchiefes great that mans deſtruction frame,
And makes men low with damned ſpyrites to dwell,
Theſe are the hurts that in theſe ſeas doe lie,
Regarde them well and warely from them flie.

Remaineth nothing for thee nowe behinde,
But gracious markes that leade the ſayler right,
That comforts much the godly vertuous minde,
And teacheth them to finde the port of light,
Paſſe thou by theſe, ſo ſhalt thou ſurely finde,
The chiefeſt ſuccour for the werie ſpyrite,
For who ſo runnes by theſe ſhall neuer miſſe,
The hauen faire of euerlaſting bliſſe.

The formoſt of theſe ſure and happie guides,
Is earneſt Prayer that giues a goodly ſhow,
And keepeth ſafe the Warke from troublous tides,
That moued with helliſh tides contrarie flow,
In ſafetie here the wandring veſſell rides,
What ſoeuer hap, what winde ſoeuer blow,
Though deuill, world, and fleſh againſt it ſtriue,
Yet vnder ſayle it ſafely here may driue.

The ſhip of ſafegard.

A thouſand happy hands may here be ſeene,
Heldo vp with hart vnfeyned vnto the ſkies,
waſhed in the waters of repentance cleane,
And purged pure with teares of weeping eies,
A thouſand tongues from mindes that well doe meane,
yeelde vp to God their feruent ſuites and cries,
At morning, noone and night continuallye,
Here ſhalt thou ſee them on their faces lye.

The next is Peace, a quiet happie place,
Where as no ſtrife nor rancor can be found,
Reſt thou thy Barke within this roade of grace,
And trauaile for to touch vpon this ground,
They alwayes come to good that run this race,
Thou needeſt not here for feare of daunger ſound,
For thoſe that here moſt peacesbly remayne,
Haue daily traffique with the heauenly raigne.

Hereby doth Loue another beautie ſtand,
That brings thee ſtreight vnto the rode of reſt,
And poynteth out directly with hir hand,
The perfite way by which thou mayſt be bleſt,
No harmfull Boate may euer here take land,
But only thoſe that pleaſe the almightie beſt,
And ſeeke to ſayle according to his will,
This Loue doth all the heſtes of God fulfill.

Next Mercie ſtands, a goodly marke and plaine,
That leadeth ſtreight vnto the bliſſfull port,
And is poſſeſſed of the heauenly traine,
And moſt frequented of the vertuous ſort,
Who doe not thinke the words were ſpoken in vaine,
Wherewith our Sauiour did the Iewes exhort,
Aſſuring thoſe that mercie ſhewde to men,
That mercie ſhould be ſhewed againe to them.

The ſhip of ſafegard.

Not farre from hence may Pacience plaine be ſeene,
The Bulwarke ſtrong againſt all iniurie,
The ſouereigne Ladie and moſt victorious Queene,
In trouble, toyles and worldly miſerie,
Which euermore aſſuredly hath beene
The Buttreſſe chiefe of Chriſtianitie,
By which the ſoules of vertuous men haue ſayde,
That neuer yet in ſtorme or tempeſt quayde.

Here liuely Faith may well diſcerned bee,
The chanell ſafe that leades to heauenly bliſſe,
Whereby the Fathers olde attaynde to ſee,
The hauen faire and port of perfite bliſſe,
This made the Martyrs flame in ſuch degree,
That life they weyed not in reſpect of this,
By which they knew aſſuredly to finde,
The bliſſfull place conceyued in their minde.

Theſe are the markes whereto thou muſt take heede,
By theſe thou mayeſt thy ſelfe in voyage guide,
If that thou ſeekeſt luckily to ſpeede,
To paſſe the flattes and ſcape the raging tide,
Vpon this courſe haue Mariners agreed,
That long time ſince theſe ſeas haue fully tride,
No other way they here haue left behinde,
Whereby we may the happie hauen finde.

Sayle therfore as the perfite courſe doth lie,
And run the race that is to thee aſſignde,
For who ſo runneth otherwiſe awrie,
The hauen faire of bliſſe ſhall neuer finde,
But drowned in ſeas for euermore ſhall die,
With torments great and death of dreadfull kinde,
Where they that kepe the courſe that Chriſt hath tought
Shall vnto euerlaſting ioyes be brought.

The ſhip of ſafegard.

Here would I playne ſet out before thine eies,
This happie place, wherein thy Barke ſhall reſt,
What ſhow it hath, and in what ſort it lies,
But that it can by no man be expreſt,
That place of ioy aboue the ſtarrie ſkies,
Appointed only for the godly and bleſt,
By any wit can not be throwly ſcand,
Ne can be blaſde by any mortall hand.

The ioyes are ſuch as cannot here be tolde,
No pen can paint, nor tongue can tell the kinde,
The gorgeous ſight that ſaints ſhall here beholde,
Surmounts the reach of any earthly minde,
And paſſeth aye a hundreth thouſand folde,
The ſweeteſt pleaſures that in thys world we finde,
No eye hath ſeene, no eare hath euer harde,
The ioyes that are for godly men prepарde.

Applie thy minde to ſeeke this happy place,
Put all thy ſtrength and all thy force thereto,
Call vnto God continually for grace,
As Chriſt hath taught, ſeeke alwayes for to doe,
Set alwayes him and his before thy face,
So ſhalt thou come the bleſſed hauen to,
So thou thy ſelfe with eyes ſhalt plainly ſee,
What ioy, what pleaſures there prepарde bee.

Τελος,

The

The death of S. Polycarpus *Biſhop of Smyrna, and* diſciple to ſaint Iohn.

Euſeb. lib. 4.

When fierce Alecto moued the mindes
of graceleſſe wicked men,
To perſecute the ſacred Church
of Chriſt beginning then,
And all the furies breaking looſe
from hell with cancred ſpite,
Did ſeeke by all the meanes they could,
to quench that heauenly light,
The poore afflicted Chriſtian flocke
was ſpoyled on euerie ſide,
And euerie woluiſh tongue and tooth,
in bloud of ſaints was dide.
Ech vertuous man tormented was,
and godly men were ſlaine,
And hauocke made of holy harts,
with hatred and diſdaine,
The worthie father Polycarp,
a man of auncient yeares,
With aged countnance beautified,
and deckt with ſiluer heares,
Was ſought for now and followed faſt
with foote of cruell foe,
No place of ſafegard left for him,
nor path of peace to goe,
In euerie place was watch and warde,
and ſpials out were ſent,
By bloudie ſuite to ouerthrow
and trap the innocent,
But he not moued with all this rage,
In quiet doth remaine,

Account=

Accounting life and pleasures lost,
for Christ his chiefest gaine,
yet following counsell of his frendes,
vnto a secret place,
He doth depart, and quietly
remaining there a space,
with humble heart doth call to God,
and prayeth continually,
For christian Church, his friends and such
as liue in miserie,
For thus he vsed euermore
throughout all his life to praye,
Continuing with his godly friends,
in prayer night and daye.
Thus three dayes hole in prayer past,
he takes at length his rest,
And whilst vpon his bed he lies,
with quiet sleepe possest,
Him seemeth in his dreame hee sees
the Pillow all on flame,
That round about encompasseth
his head vpon the same,
which blasing round about the bed
with firie countnance bright,
In little time as thought him then,
consumes the Bolster quight,
Awaking from this fearefull dreame,
He lifteth vp his hed,
Declareth that this vision straunge
of firie flaming bed,
Doth plainly show that shortly he
must lose his life in fire,
And leaue his aged limmes in flame,
for Christ his chiefe desire,
yet once againe at friends request,
from thence he flies away,

In seeking out some couert place,
the safer for to pray,
yet ceaseth not the tyrants foote
for to pursue him still,
But ransacking in euerie place,
the guiltlesse bloud to spill,
Findes out at length the happie house
wherin this father good,
Had entred for to scape the hands
of Sathans cursed brood,
The day was almost at an ende
and sunne declining fast,
Upon the foming Ocean seas,
his eyes began to cast,
When as the cursed Catchpolles found
this sacred secret place,
They make no more, but vp they hie,
with swift and hastie pace.
A Garret was there placed aloft,
where as this vertuous man,
Lay quietly vpon his bed,
not fearing daunger than,
The aged father riseth vp
and meetes his enimies,
With countance comly to beholde,
in sweete and pleasant guise,
Whereat the messengers amased
doe wonder verie much,
That such a worthie father olde,
of grace and goodnes such,
Should thus be sought for in this sort
by cruell tyrannie,
And well deseruing long to liue,
should thus vntimely die.
His youth in vertue alwayes spent,
his age in honor led,

Deserued with better quietnesse,
to rest his hoarie head,
But he not weying force of man,
nor cruell enimie,
Embracing tokens true of death,
determineth to die.
Such was his loue to Christ his Lorde,
that through this vale of strife,
By death he rather followes him,
than him forsakes for life.
No torment of the tyrants hand,
nor feare of cruell smart,
Could once amase his vertuous minde,
nor daunt his sacred hart,
He willes them straight to lay the borde,
and for to bring him meate,
And to his foes as to his friends,
Appointeth ghostly seate,
Desiring them but libertie
to pray an houres space,
which once obtainde he falleth downe,
and groueling on his face,
In such a comly sort he prayes,
that all that present stood,
Amased were, and euen those
that sought to shed his blood,
To take him there repented much,
that they had trauailde so,
In hunting for so good a man,
of force commaunded tho,
They soried much that they should take
and bring to cruell paine
So sweete a seruant of the Lordes,
so vertuous and so plaine,
His prayer fully finished then,
His time was now at hand,

Upon an Asse they hoyst him vp,
and compast with their bande,
They lead him toward the citie streight,
vpon the Sabboth day.
Thus in his iourney trauailing,
there meetes him on the way,
One Herode that Lieutenant was,
Nicetas eke with him,
That father of this Herod was,
and causing him come in,
Unto the chariot where they sat,
still passing on their way,
They him perswade to cast off Christ,
and on this sort they say,
what hurt or perill can it be,
what yll can thus arise,
In calling of the Emperour God,
and offring sacrifice.
Lo this is all that thou shalt doe,
what matter great is this?
What fault can herewithall be found,
what thing is here amisse?
By doing thus thou sauest thy life,
and all thy friends shalt please,
And spend thy aged yeares in rest,
and passe thy time in ease.
These words with silence first he heard,
and as they yet proceede,
What needes more words than these, saith he,
I will not doe this deede,
Ne will I call your Emprour God,
nor offer sacrifice,
In vaine you me disswade, my minde
is settled otherwise.
Offended with this aunswere much,
they both began to frowne,

And with despite from out the Coche
they threw him headlong downe,
The fall did hurt him verie sore,
but nothing him dismay,
For chearfully as voyde of hurt,
he holdeth on his way
Unto the place where he should die,
beset on euerie hand,
With swarmes and throng of people rude,
that gasing on him stand,
Whereto as soone as he was come,
this voyce from heauen fell,
Be of good comfort Polycarpe
and keepe thy conscience well.
No kinde of thing coulde there be seene,
yet many heard the voyce
That louing him and fearing God
did much thereat reioyce,
The beastly people rayled at him
when as he came in sight,
And blasphemed God, defacing him
with words of great despight.
Thus brought among these greedie wolues
the simple sheepe doth stand,
The Iudge commaunding silence streight,
with lifting vp his hand,
Demaundes if that be he that Po-
lycarpus hath to name,
Whereto he boldly aunswres him,
I am the verie same.
Then of thy selfe haue some regarde,
good father olde, sayth hee,
And haue respect vnto thy yeares
and to thine owne degree.
Thy reuerent age deserues good lucke
cast not thy selfe away,

But

But worship thou the Emperour
and wish him well alway,
And crie away with all such beasts
as doe no God regarde,
Then turning to the people streight,
and willing to be harde,
Olde Polycarpe with frowning looke
and hand held vp to skies,
Cries out amaine away with such
as God doe here despise,
The Ruler speaking still and saying,
loue Cesar with thy hart,
And blaspheme Christ, then shalt thou at
thy pleasure hence depart.
I haue, sayth Polycarpus, serued
Christ fourescore yeares and more,
And vnto mee in all this space,
he did no hurt. Wherfore
Should I then him blaspheme that hath
bene all this while my frende,
whose blessed ayde from euerie harme,
did alwayes me defend,
I can not serue him in such sort,
that hath so friendly dealt
With me through all my life, by whom
I haue such goodnesse felt,
I am a Christian I confesse,
a Christian will I die,
Come paine or ioy, come death or life,
I will it not denie,
And if thou seekest the happie state,
of Christians for to know,
Their whole beliefe, and vertuous sect,
I plainly will thee show,
Whensoeuer thou shalt appoint the time.
Nay sayth the Iudge, declare

Before the people present here,
in all things how they fare,
Quoth he, I haue thee answerde full,
in scriptures are we tought,
To giue you Rulers honor such,
as vnto you we ought,
We worship Princes euermore,
as Gods Lieutenants here,
And them obey, so that they bid
not things repugnant cleare
Against the lawes of God himselfe,
but for to come t'account,
Before these raging people rude,
whose madnesse doth surmount,
Their senseless wits, it is no part
of mine I you assure,
Nor neuer will I doe it whilst
my life doth here endure.
Wild beasts here haue I quoth the Shrife,
whereto thou shalt be cast,
Then let them lose sayth he, my words
shall stand as they haue past,
I can not chaunge from good to euyll,
more meete this sinfull brood,
Should leaue their lewde and beastly life,
and chaunge from euill to good.
Well quoth the Shrife offended much
and boyling all in ire,
Though thou regardst not force of beasts,
thou shalt be burnt with fire,
Thy aged bones and werish lunmes,
consumde to coales shall bee,
And life (the fruite of thy contempt)
shall passe in flame from thee.
Thou threatnest me (quoth he againe)
with feeble fire and vaine,

which

Which as it quickly kindleth here,
so quickly dies againe,
Not knowing of the dreadfull flames
that burne continually,
Prepared for the wicked sort,
that here in sinne doe die.
But wherefore seemest thou thus to stay?
put beasts or fire to me,
With torments I nor fearefull sights
can neuer moued be.
These words and other like to these
him Polycarpus tolde,
With ioyfull looke. The Shrike amased,
to heare his aunsweres bolde,
A Baily to the people sent,
and willes him to proclaime
That Polycarpe had thrice confest
himselfe a Christian plaine.
Which when the multitude had heard
of Iewes and Gentiles baine,
That present were with furie great,
thus crie they out amaine,
Lo this is he that doth seduce
all Asia round about,
The father and the chiefest guide,
of all the Christian rout,
The great defacer of our Gods,
who teacheth not to make
Nor offer sacrifice, but Gods
and goodnesse to forsake.
This sayd, they crie for fire streight,
and here and there they run,
And ech man busieth much himselfe,
to see the slaughter done,
And wood from euerie place they bring,
and reedes in order laye,

And pile vp fagots fast thereon,
with all the hast they may,
And thus the stake is streight prepard,
the father brought thereto,
With willing minde and ioyfull hart,
his garments doth vndo,
And stripes himselfe into his shirt,
while as the standers by,
Doe driue in staples to the stake,
the safer him to tie.
These chaines, quoth he, are needlesse here
for he that me doth make
To abide the fire, shall giue me grace
to stand vntide at stake,
Wherewith they let the chaines alone,
and tie him slenderly,
With little Hempen cordes that were
prepared speedily.
Thus like a Ram drawne from the flocke
for sacrifice he stands,
And to the heauens casting vp
his eyes and holy hands,
These words with feruent mind he spake,
O God of power deare,
That father art of Iesus Christ,
by which deare sonne of thine,
Of thee the knowledge we attaine
thou Lord of Angels all,
Of powers and strengths & euery wight,
that vnto thee doe call,
The only God of righteous men,
to thee great thanks I giue
That thus thou hast permitted me,
vntill this day to liue,
Whereby of Christ thy only sonne,
I shall a witnesse bee

With whom I trust, and thorow him,
thy blessed face to see,
The chiefest comfort of my soule,
and longing of my spirite,
Wherein eche poore afflicted hart,
doth set his whole delight,
A pleasing sacrifice I trust,
I shalbe vnto thee,
That doth respect the louing hart
and minde of eche degree,
My soule through flames to thee I yeelde
that art my only light,
Receiue it Lord and graunt it rest,
before thy sacred spirite,
Euen as thou hast appointed, and
determind long ago,
Ech thing thou hast performed here,
and all things ordred so,
O God thou righteous art and iust,
deceite is none with thee,
Therefore I render thankes and prayse,
vnto thy maiestie,
Through Iesus Christ the eternall God,
thy deare and only sonne,
Whose presence here to iudge the world,
I trust shall shortly come.
To whom with thee and the holy spirite,
be prayse both now and then,
And laude and glory yeelded vp,
for euermore. Amen.
No sooner had he done but that
These wretches voyde of grace,
Thrust fire in on euerie side,
and kindling it apace,
The flame a loft beginnes to mount,
and threates the hawtie skies,

With crooked compaſſe to encloſe,
the martyr ſtanding there,
Whoſe bodie ſeemed to giue the ſhowe
of golde in fornace cleare,
From whence beſide there round about
a pleaſant odor paſt.
As if ſome Baume or Frankincenſe,
had bene in fire caſt,
The ſinfull ſort perceyuing thus,
the body to remaine
Untoucht of fire, and that their toyle
and trauaile was in vaine,
Doe ſtraight commaund the hangman with
his ſword to thruſt him in,
Wherwith the bloud with purple ſtreams
apace begins to ſpin,
And guſheth out ſo faſt abrode,
that euen the raging flame
In diuers places of the pile
was quenched with the ſame,
The people all amaſed, depart,
the corſe neglected lies,
The ſoule reioycing at this day,
vnto the heauen flies.

A Prieſt of Apollo ſtraunge-ly conuerted. *Euſeb. lib.* 4.

VPon the Alpes thoſe ſtately mountaines hie,
Sometime there ſtode a gorgeous temple faire,
Whereto the people vſed commonly
To heare the dooms of Phebus to repaire,

where-

Apollos Priest conuerted.

Wherein there liued a Priest of passing fame,
Who vsed to keepe the altars trim and fine,
And well could cast the sacrifice in flame,
And order all things in their course and time,
It chaunced that here passed by this way,
One Gregorie, a christian Bishop olde,
Who entred in whereas this person lay,
And lodged there all night to scape the colde,
Good entertainment gaue the Priest him tho,
And vsed him well according to his guise,
And tolde him all in order so and so,
How Phebus there was serued and in what wise,
What numbers great did seeke him day by day,
And what great store of people round about,
Were satisfied when as they came that way,
And answerde full to euerie kinde of dout,
The next day when the sunne doth giue his light,
The ghest departs and biddes his Host adew,
And thanks him for his lodging that same night,
And prayse good lucke of their acquaintance new,
Vnto the Church the Priest in haste doth hie,
And offers vp his costly sacrifice
He downeward falles and on his face doth lie,
And prayeth to his God in humble wise,
And counsell asks of diuers weightie things,
What best for to be done in this or that.
Whilst of his prayers thus the temple rings,
This golden God that on the altar sat
He spake a worde, nor gaue him any signe,
Of prayers heard as he before had done,
His tongue was tide he could not now deuine,
What happened had or what thing was to come,
With countnance sad the Priest doth home depart,
And museth at this straunge and sodeine chaunce,
Laments the case with mourning heauy hart,
And fares as one beside himselfe in traunce,

Thus

Thus heauily he spends the day away,
And when the night with shadow darke was come,
And time for euerie man to goe to rest,
While on his bed he doth begin to slome,
Lo streight appeares his God all rudely drest,
With ernfull looke and thus to him he spake,
What meanst thou thus to vexe thy troubled spzite,
For pleasing me whose force is now so weake,
That scarsly can I holde my selfe vpzight,
That wretched ghest whom thou this other night
So entertaynst, hath me thus foule disgraced,
Hath stayed my tong, and wzought me this despite,
By whom for euer am I cleane defaced,
Nor in my temple can I lenger set,
Nor aunswere thee as I haue done before
Except of him thou licence for me get,
Thou knowest my staye, tozment thy selfe no moze,
The Priest awakes, and soone he leaues his bed,
And followes fast his late departed ghest,
Treades out the path which he before did tred,
And pauseth not, nor doth entend to rest,
Till he him find, whom soone he ouertakes,
And humbly doth him of his helpe require,
And true repozt of euerie thing he makes,
What dolefull chaunce hath happened in his quire,
And what mishap vnto his God befell,
And how his gaines are gone from him thereby
With ruthfull looke amased doth he tell,
Beseecheth him to helpe him speedily,
And to restoze to him his God againe,
Which otherwise would be his great decay,
If that he should with silence thus remaine,
He willes him to remember that same day,
Wherein he werie to his house did come,
How that ech friendship then that in him lay,
He shewed him there, and how ech thing was done.

The

Apollos Priest conuerted.

The gentle ghest his Host doth not forget
But for to shew him frendship like againe,
Unto the paper straight his hand doth set
And thus he writes in letters faire and plaine,
Unto Apollo Gregorius greeting sendes,
I giue thee leaue, doe as thou didst before.
With this he makes his Hoast a full amends,
Who thanketh him with all his hart therefore,
And home he comes as fast as he may fling,
And of his Church the dooze he opens wide,
And vnto Phebus doth the letter bring,
Upon the Altar layes it him beside,
The Idoll streight beginnes againe to prate,
And answere giues as he was wont to doe,
And prophecies of his and his estate,
Of subtile oracles disclosing one or two,
The Priest beginnes to alter his intent,
And to himselfe he mutters in his minde,
That this straunge power is only to him lent,
And graunted by some force of hier kinde,
He deemes his Gods authoritie but small,
That thus is ruled by a mortall Wight,
Nor lenger meanes he vnto him be thrall,
That is obedient to another spite,
He takes his letter and hies him thence apace,
And biddes both Church and God adew for aye,
Comes streight to Gregorie, and telleth him the case,
And prayes him for to shew him plaine the way,
By true religion to worship God on hie,
And doth repent his former wretched trade,
And all his life spent in ydolatrie,
Wherein he list not lenger for to wade,
Thus falling flat on ground before his feete,
The other gently doth him there receaue,
And showes the effect of Christs cõmaundment sweete,
And willes him thereto earnestly to cleaue,

Wh

who after that he had a while profest,
The Christian law, and sweete religion taught,
Tooke such delight therein that all the rest
Of fancies vaine he left and set at naught,
Embraced Christ, and serued him faithfully,
And in such sort that when this Gregorie dide,
As Pastor chiefe his roome he did supply,
And happily his happie flocke did guide.

FINIS.